Divinity: Original Sin

By Yorokonde

Rivellon, a world once ruled by the great Dragon Knights in a past so long ago that even the most well cared for histories have been corrupted and polluted to the point they are fairy tales at best. But Empires, even those watched over the the noblest of weredragons, always fall in the end. Chaos ensues, someone else seizes the reins of power, and people do their best to move on and live as best they can.

It is now nearly 9,000 years after Rivellon's first emperor was murdered and his bastard children warred for dominance. It is a different world, a different era, yet so much remains the same. The Six Races of Rivellon still populate the land, content to stay in their own kingdoms and bicker or trade along their borders while the peasants seem content to merely survive.

But the land has slowly grown dangerous over the years. People huddle in cities for fear of what may be waiting outside the walls. Wandering undead, invading Orcs from across the seas, and even worse waiting to be stirred from their slumber in ancient ruins. However, inside the cities a different kind of danger grows. It bides its time, moves silently and furtively, gathering strength for the time when it can seize control in one mighty thrust.

The Sourcerers. Those who twist and use magic to pollute the minds of others, rend their spirits from their bodies, and raise the dead back to life. They seek only to advance their own power, either individually, in small covens, or even large cults if left unchecked. They seek artifacts from the ancient ages, powers best left buried and forgotten, and the names of creatures far more terrifying than even a horde of Orcs to command.

Standing between the common people and this press of nightmares are the Source Hunters. Members of an organization of the same name who are committed to wiping out Sourcerers and all those who pervert magic for their own gain. Only the best, the brightest, and the most physically or magically capable are allowed to join the order. Even then, not all survive the rigorous training and indoctrination process. But those who are granted the red and white robes are well respected, and feared, by all but the most suicidal of madmen.

This is the world you will find yourself in for the next ten years. One of monsters, magic, and possibly much, much more. If you're brave enough to go looking.

Race

You may freely pick your race and gender.

Human

War and Humans change little from one Age to the next and it is common to find the two walking hand in hand. Human history has been one of strife, violence, and thrones changing hands so often that the common people barely notice anymore. A new King on the coins doesn't change how many fish it can buy. Humans tend to be great survivors and adapters, even innovators, but are too self-obsessed to worry about improving more of the world than what they can easily see.

Humans come in all shades and sizes, from tall and muscular to short and dumpy, hair as white as fallen snow to black as a moonless night, and the temperament of a Human is nearly impossible to predict just by looking at them. Humans have a Starting Age of 2d8+14.

Dwarf

While Dwarves have lost much of the wealth accumulated in ages past by their ancestors to sheer pettiness and the crafty bargaining tactics of the Gnomes, they are as closely knit as ever. Dwarves are tightly organized into family clans with a complex web of alliances and enemies that would make even a master scholar's head spin. However, if their land as a whole is threatened they will rise up as one people, put aside their petty squabbles, and show the threat the power of a Dwarven warhammer.

Dwarves stand half as tall as Humans, but with a naturally muscular build that carries across both sexes. The women are generally beardless, if by choice, while the men often wear a style of beard traditional to their clan. Their skin tends to be a lighter tone and their hair is often a variation of dark brown or black, with the occasional clan showcasing a blazing red. Dwarves have a starting age of 3d8+27.

Imps

Imps are, quite simply, an oddity of creation that all the other races are continually amazed to find still existing at all. They are shorter than even Dwarves and possessed of a scrawny frame topped with huge, bat-like ears and long, dexterous fingers. But their most distinctive feature is the utter disregard each and every one of them has for the preservation of their own life or those of others. Science, at all costs, is the creed of every Imp and the reason why so many of them are missing limbs, families, and/or home towns. Unfortunately, much of the grand technologies of the past have been lost, exploded or purposefully destroyed by the other races. Still, they continue to find new and inventive ways to blow up each other every day.

Imps are a diminutive race with large ears, large eyes, and long fingers. Their skin is always some shade of light red and they lack any trace of hair on their bodies. Missing bodies parts are often replaced with magical replacements, if the individual can afford them. Imps have a starting age of 1d8+8, as they grow up quickly and often die young.

Elf

Elves are the second longest lived of all the races and have an exaggerated opinion of their own importance in the affairs of the other races. They are often seen as meddlers, interjecting opinions unasked and scolding governments for abusing their citizens. Still, it is hard to blame them. In a world ruled by medieval laws they have as close to a democratic society as can be expected. They are nice people once you get past their opinions and do their best to help others out regardless of race or class. They are the first to offer their aid when disaster strikes and their chipper attitudes tend to brighten even the grayest of days.

Elves are tall and lanky people, whipcord thin but built of muscle. Their ears are pointed sharply at the tips and their eyes are almond shaped instead of rounded. Their hair is often a darker shade of brown or black, but blonde crops up from time to time. Their skin is fair, but tends to be lightly tanned due to the time they spend out of doors. They have a starting age of 4d8+46.

Lizard

The Lizardfolk are a gift to all people, intelligent, powerful, and absolute kings in whatever field they choose to dedicate their lives to… at least according to their own opinion. They're by far the most egotistical of all races, though most have learned to pretend otherwise in this Age. Among their own kind racial slurs and impolite jokes flow like the expensive liquors they fancy. To be frank, there is a measure of truth to what the Lizardfolk profess in private. They tend to be geniuses in their speciality, picking a narrow field of study and devoting themselves to it entirely. You won't find many dabblers among their ranks, but they are great team players so it doesn't cause as many problems as it might seem from the outside.

Lizardfolk are a reptilian race of humanoids with long necks and tails. They are warm blooded and are scaled in a variety of bright, vibrant colors, though blue is the most common shade. The have digitigrade legs tipped with three toes, though their hands have four fingers. They do not have hair on their bodies, but have "hairstyles" in the shape of spined ridges down their neck or on top of their head that can be quite elaborate and delicate. Lizardfolk have a starting age of 2d8+20.

Class

You may freely pick one Class. This will determine your Discounts.
Discounts reduce the price of Skills and Magic by 50%.
You may also have it influence your History in this world, if you wish.

Battlemage

The night is dark and stormy. Rain pelts down in frantic sheets as if targeting the lone warrior who wanders through the woods. They're lost, staggering through the darkness and holding their shield overhead in a vain attempt to keep the rain from soaking them any further. But they have been trudging along for hours now and even their trained muscles are beginning to reach their limits.

Suddenly, a tree gives way under a brutal gust of wind. It topples with a cracking crash that overpowers even the rumble of thunder rolling in from the distance. The warrior looks that way, only to discover light pouring through a window of a cabin they had not noticed a moment before. They stagger towards it, leaving the trail and stomping through the brush in a sudden burst of strength.

The wizard who opens the door smiles widely and quickly ushers the lost warrior into the warm cabin. As he offers up his hospitality, the two begin talking and quickly become friends. The night turns into a few days, which becomes a few weeks as the bond deepens. The two share their training, the wizard teaching the warrior some magic while the warrior instructs the wizard on the art of the sword and shield.

Eventually, the two leave together in search of adventure, both far more powerful than when either had first greeted the other. Months later, tragedy strikes. The Wizard gives up his life to save the Warrior from a killing blow of some kind. Saddened, but galvanized, the Warrior picks up the spellbook of their dear friend and presses on into the wide world. A Battlemage is born.

A Battlemage is a fusion of steel and spell usually discovered rather than taught in any official school. They will have memories of the world rather than dusty tomes, of being taught by friends rather than in any formalized setting. However, there is usually sadness in their past of one kind or another, either from a mistake made due to overestimating one's own abilities or letting down a friend when their new powers falter.

Discounts

Man-at-Arms, Single-Handed, Shield Specialist, Aerotheurge, Pyrokinetic

Cleric

Incense was rising from the seven burners surrounding the central shrine, each a distinct scent that mixed and mingled into completely new smells as the merest brushes of air wafted among them. The head priest stood over the younger cleric's knelt form, intoning the blessing of each of the Seven Gods in turn, offering up prayers and asking for their touch to guide his charge as they wandered the world.

The cleric had been trained, for years, in the art of the mace and the shield and the plate. They had been taught to follow the teachings of the Seven Gods that had long ago abandoned the world they had created, for they were the last shred of hope and light in this world. They were the latest in a long line of warriors of the Church born and bred to push back the darkness that crept across the world inch by inch.

They would battle darkness with faith, bring hope where only horror stands, and eventually die at the hand of some dark creature. For a moment, just the space between two breaths, the cleric caught a glimpse of that terrible moment when their life would be ended. They felt the terror, the anger, the frustration, but most of all… they felt the peace at a life well lived. And then it passed, a figment of imagination perhaps.

Soon the head priest would finish his blessings, dismissing the cleric to begin their private war on all the evils of the world with only their faith and training to guide them. Soon the cleric would have to stand up and walk down the aisle between rows of empty pews. Soon there would be one more mote of kindness and faith to blaze against the darkness. And somewhere, out in the shadows, the creatures that would be smote by the cleric's mace felt a shudder of fear.

A Cleric has been trained by the Church of the Seven Gods to be a force of martial and magical might against the evil that is trying to overrun the world. They are taught to protect the weak, defend the innocent, and spread the faith where they can. In a divided world, a Cleric of the Seven Gods is a powerful force for good and peace when needed, but also a stalwart barrier against the monsters that lurk in the shadows.

Discounts

Man-at-Arms, Single Handed, Shield Specialist, Armour Specialist, Hydrosophist

Enchanter

It was a delightful party. All the right people were there. The food had been expertly prepared and laid out to be as delicious to the eyes as to the tongue. Laughter and soft music filled the air, a hundred people having dozens of different conversations in the same expansive room becoming an unintelligible murmur that was the trademark of such a gathering. Alcohol flowed freely, though the staff was doing their best to ensure that nobody overindulged too quickly, if discretely.

The Enchanter ran her fingers along the back of a young man's neck, the whisper soft sensation of silk on skin getting them the attention they desired far more quickly than an ordinary interruption would have. The target turned, surprised and intrigued by what they found. From there it was a simple matter of saying the right words, in the right order, with just the right inflection on the correct syllables.

Quickly enough the pair excused themselves to a quieter portion of the mansion. If the sounds drifting through the doorways the two passed were to be believed, they were hardly the first. But there were always more rooms and they were quickly inside one with the door locked behind them. Candles kept the illumination low and atmosphere intimate. The Enchanter let the play run a little while longer, enjoying the game, before revealing their true intent with a dagger pressed against tender flesh.

The target was the last of the cult that had originally trained the Enchanter into the magical weapon of ice and water that they were. Trained as an assassin to worm their way into high society, to take out those who stood in the cult's way. But they had turned on their cruel trainers, murdered them instead, and stalked out into the world to hunt down those who had ordered their creation.

The target was found the next morning, dagger embedded in their heart, ice coating the entire body, and their lungs full of water.

Enchanters are born manipulators of people as well as battlefields that are usually exploited for their powers. Cults, governments, even wizard academies take those with skill at charming people as well as ice and lightning and twist them into something dark and sinister. Some do not suffer this kind of background, but it is rare for an untrained Enchanter to remain undetected for too long. Rarer still for them to gain control enough over their powers soon enough to stay clear of clutching hands.

Discounts

Willpower, Hydrosophist, Aerotheurge, Charisma, Barter

Fighter

The night retreated suddenly as torches sprang up in the darkness. The Fighter hissed in surprised, squinting as the glare assaulted their eyes. Blinded, the Fighter lashed out, only to be pushed back by rough hands and mocking laughter. The steel in their hands was stolen, battered away by a mace swinging from the side. A foul curse lingered in the air. The Fighter knew they were trapped. Only one man could have pulled this off.

The Count himself stepped out from behind his guards, dressed in rich red velvets and sporting gold on every finger. He was grinning, wagging a finger reproachfully at the Fighter. His justice was supposed to be the only one in the land. It was his right, as ruler of this kingdom, to dole it out. But someone had been sneaking around in the shadows, hunting down those the Count had left off the hook despite their guilt.

The Fighter just stood there, absorbing the words, trying to decide if they could draw the knife in his boot quickly enough to strike down the Count before the guards ended their life. As it turned out, they would never have the chance to try. The blow to the back of the Fighter's head ended consciousness like a candle being extinguished.

Eventually, painfully, the Fighter came back to themselves. They were stripped, naked, shivering, weaponless, as the rain pelted down around them. Pain throbbed from their left arm. The word "Exile" had been branded there with hot irons, next to the Count's personal sigil. For a moment, the Fighter considered simply laying down and letting exposure finish the job. Instead, they stood and staggered away from the gate. They would not give the Count the satisfaction. They would survive.

A Fighter is a freelance warrior at arms, either self-taught or taught by a close friend. While their fighting style is unorthodox it is just as effective as anything used by graduates of the warrior academies. They usually find work as guards for caravans or more wealthy merchants. Others drift from place to place looking for a war to earn a few coins. A few use their prowess for a higher purpose, following their own moral codes to bring justice to those who are denied it.

Discounts

Man-at-Arms, Single Handed, Shield Specialist, Armor Specialist, Bodybuilding

Inquisitor

"One of you… is a foul Sourcerer! And I *will* discover which one of you it is!" The Inquisitor proclaimed from the platform in the city square. The folk of the small town quivered as the felt cold eyes swept across them. They were already scared from the string of recent murders, of the graveyard being emptied overnight, and the grey sky above that never seemed to rain but always threaten to do so. Weeks had gone by and never once had the sky changed. It was unnatural. And then the Inquisitor showed up.

The Inquisitor suddenly locked eyes with a hooded figure in the middle of the crowd. He did not flinch like the others, did not avert his eyes at their gaze. The man stared back at the Inquisitor, arrogant and defiant. Both pairs of lips curled up, one cruel, the other vindicated.

Green light pulsed outward from the hooded figure, bowling over those nearby and knocking them away violently. Those who could screamed and scrambled to empty the square in a mad panic. Nobody, no matter how desperate for an avenue of escape, came between the Inquisitor and the Sourcerer.

"The Source beckons you! I can feel it's power inside of you! Come! Join me! We can rule over these sheep! Show the world the true power of the Source!" The hooded man bellowed over the screams, madness in his eyes and a bit of foam on his lips. He had delved too deeply, too quickly, demanded too much of the dark powers and it had cost him his sanity. That was why he had not hid from the Inquisitor.

The Inquisitor's answer came in the form of brutal wave of fire. The Sourcerer batted it aside, laughing, only to feel the sharp edges of a wand's crystal slam into his temple. He staggered backwards, a spell leaping to his lips, but a second blow stunned the ability out of him. The amature Sourcerer, for no true delver of the dark arts would be taken so easily, fell backwards onto the packed clay of the square. He looked up, fear seeping in through the madness in his eyes, as the Inquisitor towered over him.

"There's only one way to purge the Source for good." They sneered, fire crackling in one hand as lightning danced down the length of wood in the other. There was a scream, an explosion, and then only red mist that fell like dust motes onto the clay. The Inquisitor let themselves feel a moment of satisfaction, then turned their eyes on the rest of the town. There was never just one Sourcerer. Never.

An Inquisitor is a magician who has trained in the dark arts of Sourcery themselves and willingly use it to hunt down others who use it. They know the signs and some of the best claim to be able to smell its taint on a soul. Inquisitors are almost exclusively the product of the Source Hunters and those few who show the talent outside their walls are quickly recruited… or put down as Sourcerers themselves. Still, there are those with the talent who wander the world and attempt to stem the tide of evil on their own.

<u>Discounts</u>

Witchcraft, Pyrokinetic, Aerotheurge, Dual Wielding, Wand

Knight

Around a small fire, in the middle of a clearing in the woods, a rough group of men were enjoying food and wine. It was stolen, of course, from the trio of homesteads they had ransacked earlier that day. They had waited for the men to be out tending their herds and crops, then descended upon the homes in a rush of horses and flashing steel. The larders were raided, emptied, and carted away before anyone could hear the screams and return.

Several women sat sniffling in the shadows. Dirt smudged their bodies and clothing and the rope that bound their wrists dug cruelly at their skin. Having filled their bellies, the men began casting hungry eyes towards their other prizes. The women flinched from their gazes but could do little to defend themselves. Two men stood up and grinned wickedly.

The Knight, clad from head to toe in plate armor and holding a sword as tall as they were, stepped into the circle of light. For a moment, the fire flickered off the metal and made the Knight seem to glow white. An angel seemed to stand among the mortals. Their voice whipped out, breaking the effect, commanding the ruffians to draw their weapons.

Steel whipped out and the Knight gave little quarter. Their massive blade flickered through the air as easily as a dagger but struck with a deadly strength that left limbs severed in its wake. Men screamed, steel bounced off armor, and one by one the thieves died. But, never once was a dishonorable blow struck by the Knight. No backs were run through, no foe finished where they lay on the ground, and when the last two emptied their hands of steel, the Knight stayed his strength.

Both stood as still as trees on a calm day as the Knight dipped the tip of his sword into the fire. Red hot steel rose to touch the flesh of their cheeks. They cried out, but accepted the brand of thieves as an alternative to death. They scrambled away into the darkness, leaving behind their fellows who lay bleeding or dead on the ground.

The women were saved. The Knight would see them home that night, their pockets loaded with gold from the dead men's pouches. They would thank the Knight, offer them hospitality, but it would be refused. The Knight would be needed elsewhere. He left behind neither name nor face to attach to his good deed, just the gratefulness of several women and their husbands.

A Knight is a warrior trained at one of the major fighting colleges. They are taught to be chivalrous and kind to all, to help others without expecting a reward, and to do all they can to lessen the suffering of others. They are honorable combatants who wield heavy armor and large weapons with a voice that cuts across battlefields to inspire others. While some serve a particular lord or king and many volunteer for the Source Hunters, more simply wander the land, living off the kindness of others and doing their best to make the world a better place through action.

Discounts

Man-at-Arms, Two-Handed, Armor Specialist, Blacksmithing, Bodybuilding

Ranger

The Southern Peaks. A mysterious, unknown land that has long since been locked away behind the clouds that gather at its heights and the ferocity of those who dwell there. The nomadic people who occupy those high plains are skilled with the bow like no other. They require no skill at stealth, as any who dare to trespass on their lands without invitation will never get closer than an arrow's flight.

They are extremely self-sufficient, not even allowing traders or merchants into their lands. The few items they do desire from the lowlands they fetch themselves. In many areas, seeing a Southern Peaks Ranger is a sign of good fortune, though if asked they will dismiss this notion as foolishness. Now, should one of them happen to gift you with an eagle feather, that's another matter entirely.

Those who wander beyond the string of towns at the border of their territories are always on a quest of some kind. They will rarely share what they are questing for, but one can be sure a legend is in the making. A bard's sincerest wish is to happen upon a Ranger at the beginning of their journey and be allowed to tag along. The stories that come from such an adventure always make a name for the one who records them.

Once per year, the Southern Peaks sends their most skilled, most promising young Ranger to the Source Hunters to be trained among their ranks. This is an ancient promise held as sacred to the nomads since the founding of the society dedicated to fighting evil magic. Never once has a year passed without a new recruit being sent and never once has that recruit failed to become a full Source Hunter.

If an ordinary Ranger's quest makes for legendary stories, one can only imagine the tales that a Source Hunter trained Ranger could tell. Though, perhaps, the world is better off not knowing.

A Ranger comes from the mountain range called the Southern Peaks. Extremely territorial and private to the point of xenophobia, they are the undisputed master of the long and shortbow. Few Rangers ever leave their lands for long and even fewer are allowed to visit their lands. They are highly independent individuals, quite capable of crafting their own bows, arrows, and virtually anything else they might need.

Discounts

Expert Marksman, Bow, Blacksmithing, Crafting, Bodybuilding

Rogue

First came the key to the back door. Simple enough to follow one of the house guards and ply him with wine until he became too drunk to notice the fingers in his pocket. A muffled pair of shoes came next to keep the light sleeping butler asleep. The tricky part was the lock on the jewelry box itself. A six pin tumbler with an poisoned pin surprise. Still, nothing that couldn't be dealt with, given time.

Unfortunately, the merchant had recently hired some extra security. The Rogue had just tucked the first handful of gems into their pocket when the door exploded inwards. The fools searched the room, but failed to look upwards. A pair of pellets dropped to the floor before exploding into smoke. Daggers flashed, finding not flesh, but belts. The Rogue snickered to themselves as the guards tripped over each other in the smoke, desperately trying to hold up their pants and give chase in a dozen different directions at once.

Out the window, across the rooftop, and then a flying leap to catch the rope dangling down the wall of the opposite building. Always have a Plan B, C, D, and E. Plan F was always the same. Flog it and stab everyone in the room. It was nice, simple, and tended to work.

The nightlife of the city sung in its drunken, slurred voice as the Rogue threaded through the streets. Red lights hung over doorways, music and arguments drifting out into the street as doors opened and closed, and in a few alleyways those like the Rogue plied their trade. One particularly foolish individual tried to rummage through the Rogue's pockets, but only earned a few broken fingers.

It wasn't until they were back in one of their few safe houses, ready to begin counting the spoils of their little job, when they noticed the piece of parchment tucked into their pocket. When had that happened? Who could have managed it? It was a job offer, one that promised more than gold and treasure, though both would be in ample supply. The Rogue need only apply their talents to a more constructive purpose.

Well… why not at least think about it?

Rogues come from all walks of life, but are usually agile individuals with clever fingers and intelligent minds. They are a cut above the common thug and far more subtle than a simple blackjack to the back of the head. They can come from anywhere, any race, and have nearly any kind of motive behind their profession. Some do it for sheer greed, others do it for the challenge, a few even do it for revenge against the upper classes.

Discounts

Scoundrel, Dual-Wielding, Bartering, Crafting, Aerotheurge

Shadowblade

Life is pain ended only when death descends. It was a lesson learned early in life, between the beatings, the hunger, and worse. But it was a lesson that forged brittle iron into hardened steel. There were others to be learned along the way. Still, the first had always been the most important. Especially once the talent for magic blossomed and took shape from the pain.

In the end, a new person emerged from the shadows. One stained with blood, fueled by a cold logic that weighed everything in risk versus reward, with more than just the steel in their hands. The Shadowblade is all that the name advertises… and more. A shadow moving in the wrong way is all most ever see before this magical assassin becomes the death that ends all pain.

A Shadowblade moves as swiftly as the wind and just as silently, slipping poison into the drink you just set down for a moment. By the time your lips are turning blue and people start screaming they are already gone, on the trail of a fresh target. Where subtly will not avail them, they are equally adept at kicking down the door and blasting the life out of a person with lightning or dark magic. So long as the job is done in the end.

For all this, very few kill in the name of money. Most Shadowblades have someone behind them tugging on the strings. They have bound the dangerous weapon to their side out of loyalty, a mutual hatred, or any of a dozen other reasons. Some of the most famous stories the bards tell of a Shadowblade who killed out of love. A romantic fairy tale, but who knows. Shadowblades rarely reveal their reasons for doing what they do.

A mysterious lot, born of a painful past, who grew up on cruel streets, and discovered a dark magic rising in response.

Shadowblades are assassins of the highest order, self-trained but not one iota less dangerous for it. They wield magic, steel, and stealth in equal measure to track and kill. They are much sought after for their skills but few can afford to pay the prices that are demanded for them. Shadowblades are often in the employ of someone who has a hold on their loyalty, emotions, or motivations, though some manage to escape that. They are a dispassionate, coldly logical lot and rarely care about the pain and suffering of others so long as it advances their, or their master's, goals.

Discounts

Scoundrel, Witchcraft, Aerotheurge, Willpower, Dual-Wielding

Wanderer

If heroes are born and villains created, then what do you call a person who seems to have appeared from vacant air? What is to become of a person tossed into the wild world with no memories or connections? Will they sink into the black depths, forgotten and alone? Or will they rise and bathe in the light of the sky above?

It is unknown where the Wanderer came from, where their talents lie, or any finer details. They are simply one amongst the crowd. They tell no one their real name and provide an alias when it is required. Few, if any, know them as anything other than a stranger or someone they thought they once knew.

Here and there, the Wanderer pops up in tales or stories. A mysterious stranger who appears from the shadows to render aid to those in need. Other times they are the one causing trouble, their talents used in pursuit of violence or revenge of some kind. Some also talk of sharing their campfire with a silent person who split their food as a gesture of thanks and was gone before sunlight touched the land.

The Wanderer is tall, short, fat, thin, Human, Dwarf, Lizardfolk, black, white, green, blue, brown. They have short hair, no wait, long hair, except when they have no hair. They're a warrior with a massive blade, except that one tale that talked about the way they threw fire and called on the elements. The only thing the stories can agree on in that they have no past.

And perhaps these are all different people. A hundred different Wanderers creating a thousand stories that all get attributed to one person. Or perhaps there really is just one Wanderer, a title that shifts from person to person as they try to find the story they belong to. And maybe, just maybe, there's nothing mysterious going on at all. It's just the coincidences of life, random, pointless, and utterly incomprehensible.

The Wanderer has no history in this world, no connections or family, and no home town to go back to. They start with little more than the clothes on their back and a sense of destiny attached to their soul. They are, essentially, a blank slate onto which anything can be written. Which can be both a good thing and a bad thing. Considering the state of the world, strangers are not always the most welcome individuals. And you will be that.

<u>Discounts</u>

Wanderers may choose to discount **ANY FOUR** Skill or Magic Perk Lines.

Wayfarer

Dusk in the woods can be a harrowing experience for the untrained. The sun setting, taking vision with it, while those who stalk the night are slowly beginning to stir in their lairs. Wolves and worse stretch their muscles and prepare for the hunt that is to begin. Prey animals head back to their burrows and safe places, hoping that they stay that way through the night. But in the woods, something else rises from sleep to greet the night.

Eyes far more intelligent than any animal's take in the gloom. Nostrils flare at the scents clinging to the breeze. The scent of rot and decay, not close, but not far either. Damp earth, turned up sometime during the last hours of the day. And a foul scent of dark magic. Someone has raised the dead and polluted the forest. The intelligent eyes narrow, anger seeming to make them glow in the darkness.

Their steps are silent, the undead are mindless, and the necromancer too delighted in his own work to hear the Wayfarer coming. The only warning is a rumble of the earth before bones and rotten flesh are swallowed up entirely. The necromancer looks up and around, spotting the figure standing in the shadows and commands the undead to attack. They do, with claw and fist, and the figure falls.

But instead of blood, the shape explodes in a shower of black, sticky oil. It coats the undead who stare blankly down at their target, simple minds unable to comprehend the situation. A light springs up on the other edge of the clearing. A bolt bursting into flame mid-flight. A zombie is the target and instantly the corpses are alight. Bones crackle in the heat, growing brittle and breaking under their own weight.

The necromancer tosses vile energy blindly into the darkness, but the Wayfarer has already moved and reloaded their crossbow. A moment later feathers sprout from the forehead of the evil mage accompanied by the sound of crunching bone. The impact slams him back against the tree behind him, pinning the body there. A lucky shot indeed.

The Wayfarer looks up towards the moon. That was the third necromancer in their woods within so many turns of the moon. Unusual indeed. Perhaps, just perhaps, it would be wise to investigate the world outside the trees for once. To see what the others who walk on two legs are up to.

The Wayfarer is a class of halves. Part magician, part trickster, part crossbowman, but always very dangerous. They have a reputation for guarding woods near where they were raised. They find peace and solace among the animals and the simplicity of wildlife. However, they are not always hermits. Wayfarers can be found as scouts for armies, adventurers, or trackers for hire. They also have a fondness for explosives and traps of all kinds.

Discounts

Expert Marksman, Crossbow, Geomancer, Crafting, Scoundrel

Witch

The day was dark and damp, thunder rumbling in the distance and wind whipping through the trees of the bog. Fetid fumes rose from the murky waters, pungent with the smells of rot and decay. Few ventured into the bog on the best of days. With a storm on its way, only one person picked their way through the muck. The one person both despised and revered by those who inhabited the villages at the edges of the bog.

The Witch, despite the rumors, was a lovely creature whose good looks stood in sharp contrast to the evil powers they toyed with. Those who needed to make use of such powers, whether to contact a dead family member or to eliminate the competition, knew it was best to be polite. They also knew not to try to barter down the price.

The muck pulled at the Witch's boots and threatened to tear them off their feet. But they paid the inconvenience no mind as they continued to trudge forwards. There was nowhere to go back to, after all. The hut they had built and so carefully stocked with charms and amulets of all kinds was burning by now. The oil doused into the wood would have seen to that.

The Witch shuddered at the memories of what they had seen. The vision that had intruded on their peek into the future. Just a short one. They did have to keep one step ahead of the Source Hunters after all. But what they had seen had shaken them to the core. Dark magic or no, it was as clear as the sky was not.

Run. Begone from here. Destiny calls for you in the world. Meet it or die.

The words had burned with a fire, searing themselves into their mind. The Witch knew they would never fade, never become forgotten. And so with shaking fingers they had tossed everything most important into a single large sack. But they would not let any others have the benefit of their hard work and research. So the hut burned, a pale imitation to the words in their mind.

Thunder rumbled overhead and the first drops of what was doubtless to be a deluge of the highest quality. But the Witch did not stop or seek shelter. Not with what they imagined could be chasing close behind.

A Witch, despite the name, can be male or female, but they are always practitioners of the darker arts. They learn on their own and are often shunned for the talent they cannot hide. Rarely several Witches will gather into a coven, but they tend to be discovered by Source Hunters quickly and put to the sword. They are loners who practice their art in out of the way places. When forced to go into the world, they must either hide their talent or face the fires. They are too close to Sourcerers to remain uncontrolled. A rare few end up in the Source Hunter's ranks… and they are terrifying spellcasters to behold.

<u>Discounts</u>

Witchcraft, Willpower, Geomancer, Charisma, Wand

Wizard

The Wizard blinked as they were all but physically shoved into the daylight, head still reeling about how such a thing had come to pass. Their grades had been far above the average of their classmates and not one of the teachers ever had an unkind word to say about their work ethic. Indeed, from a purely academic point of view, The Wizard was highly enthusiastic and eagerly dove into any task assigned to them.

But that was where the trouble lay. Their practical talents were not as diverse as the rest of those in the class. Where others could command all five elements in slight amounts, the Wizard showed an early talent for Fire and Earth and almost none for the others. Soon enough this was causing issues as the Wizard's control began to lag behind the power of their spells.

Accidents occurred. And while multiple chances were given, the Wizard soon found themselves faced with a choice. Leave the magical college on a quest both dangerous and designed to rapidly force the Wizard to come to terms with their magic, or be expelled from the college entirely and imprisoned as a rogue Sourcerer. The decision was instantaneous, but unpleasant to face.

And so, the Wizard who had hoped for nothing more than a quiet life of study, was standing in the sun and peering at the world beyond the college's walls. It had been years since they had been outside the hallways and libraries. For a moment the Wizard wondered if prison might not be so bad compared to the task that lay ahead of them.

Instead of whining and bemoaning their fate, the Wizard shook themselves, held their head up a little higher, and headed off in the direction their map pointed. They had a job to do. It would get done. They were a Wizard!

A Wizard, unlike the other spellcasters listed above, is taught at one of the many magical colleges sprinkled in out of the way places of the world. They tend to be discovered at a young age, so many know little of life outside the walls of their college. Most are content to sit in their libraries and explore the wonders of the arcane, but some Wizards are drawn back out into the world. Whatever the reason, any who stand in their path soon find that despite the lack of muscle or weapons, a Wizard is as dangerous as any squad of warriors.

Discounts

Willpower, Pyrokinetic, Geomancer, Loremaster, Wand

Background

You may freely pick one Background. It will determine your History in this world, as well as offer you some additional options unique to that Background.

Drop-In

The taste of salt assaults your lips and stings your eyes as your consciousness returns. You pick your head up out of the sand to discover you are laying on a beach, seagulls cawing in the air overhead. Splintered boards and bits of debris wash in on the tide around you. You have vague memories of riding on a ship, a storm, and a sudden wall of water sweeping you from the deck. Considering the wreckage around you, it looks like you were the lucky one.

You have no real memories of this world. No friends, families, or connections to anyone else. You are a stone dropped into the tumultuous pond that is the world of Rivellon. A short walk following the coastline west will have you inside the town of Cyseal, though convincing the guards to let you inside may be a problem considering your lack of identification and the current problems plaguing the town.

You are free to do as you wish, go where you wish. You are a blank slate among many half-chiselled tablets. Just try not to show off too many unusual powers. Getting branded a Sourcerer would cause you no end of trouble.

Freelance Adventurer

You've always been one to follow where the action was happening. And in this part of the world all the action is focused on Cyseal. Not only are the Orcs invading from across the sea, but all manner of ancient evils seem to be awakening on all sides of the little port town. Undead to the North and West, Fire Elementals to the East, Sourcerer's scurrying about digging up old tombs, and that's just what people know about!

Talk about being spoiled for choice.

As a Freelance Adventurer, you're able to pick and choose who you want to work for. Sure, that peasant might ask you to investigate who has stolen their sheep, but screw that! There's ancient ruins to investigate and you know those always have treasure!

So whether your strategy is to kick in the door, sneak in the back, or teleport past all the traps, you'll have a head stuffed full of memories of adventure and danger. Which means you have a pretty good idea how to survive against most of the common, low-end threats of this world. Additionally, you'll also have connections and memories of others you have worked with in the past. They're a colorful group of riff raff and rogues scattered all about the place. Best to make it worth their wild if you want to call them in.

Sourcerer

While you may not wield the dark magic yourself, you are certainly allied with the evils that plague this world. Sourcerers are, as a rule, cruel, selfish, and willing to do whatever they must to reach the goals they have set for themselves. Usually extreme amounts of power or control over the world. Some just want to watch everything burn and cackle from the rooftops.

Despite this, Sourcerers have proven willing to work together for extended periods of time, even forming cults in an effort to attract followers and train those with the talent to become Sourcerers themselves. This dark bond is never fully explained, but most believe the dark magic offers some measure of unity to those who regularly delve into its depths. A few even speculate that there is a larger evil behind the scenes, pulling all the strings.

If you have magical talent and choose this background, you are a Sourcerer in the local cult located in the woods just outside Cyseal. It is a favored position but depending on your talent and dedication to the cause it could be a very unstable one. You will have memories of growing up with a Sourcerer master, who tempted, tricked, or simply inducted you into the ways of dark magic when you were young. You will have grown up around such magic and most you know will have a connection to it in one form or another.

If you have no magical talent and choose this background, you will begin as an honored guard to one of the Sourcerers of the local cult. Achieving such a position means you performed a truly great deed in the service to the order, as well as demonstrated your might at arms. Or perhaps you just murdered someone as a favor to one of the dark mages. Infighting does happen. In any case, you will have memories of service to a dark mage, or perhaps multiple ones over your lifetime. You will have contacts both inside and outside the Cyseal cult, perhaps even to cults in other parts of this world.

The Cyseal cult of Sourcerers is, at the time of your insertion into the world, dedicated to gathering and researching the power behind the legendary Blood Stones. The head of the cult, known as The Conduit, has discovered hints that a number of them lay in and around the town. You, or the Sourcerer you are assigned to, will likely be tasked with tracking down one of these leads very quickly.

Source Hunter

Source Hunters come from all walks of life, all forms of talent and training, and really have only one thing in common. They absolutely despise Sourcery. Most Source Hunters are adults when they are recruited into the order and all but a very few have suffered some kind of atrocity at the hands of a Sourcerer. They are trained in the ways to recognize, combat, and eliminate Sourcerers over the course of several years. Roughly a third do not survive the punishing training, but those who do are granted the red and white colors of the order.

Source Hunters as individuals are as varied as the grains of sand on a beach. Some are kind, others are brutal. Some gladly help any in need with their abilities, others are focused solely on the pursuit of Sourcerers. Some use whatever means necessary to achieve their goals, while others prefer diplomacy to crossed swords. But each are shown the combination of fear and respect that all but the maddest individuals attribute to the Source Hunters.

You are one of this order. You have the memories of years of training alongside others with talents similar to your own at the Eastern Headquarters. You were likely partnered up with a companion whose talents complemented or enhanced your own, though solo Source Hunters are not unknowns. You have been sent to Cyseal on a mission of your own, for the troubles of this town are many. Two others of your order have been sent to investigate Councillor Jake's murder due to the locals suspecting Sourcery to be the cause. Though they may soon find they have larger issues to deal with.

You will land on the beach outside town, unable to dock at Cyseal itself due to the Orc ships blockading the harbor.

There is much to be done, but how little, or how much, you involve yourself is left to your own discretion. So long as you hunt down any trace of Sourcery in Cyseal and complete your mission, the order of Source Hunters will consider your time spent a success. Be cruel or kind, diplomatic or brutish, violent or circumspect, just get the job done. Another awaits you upon your return. Sourcery never sleeps. It just hides for a little while.

Skills

A Discount in a Skill gives you the Novice rank for free and 50% off the Adept rank.

Weapons

Bow

A ranged weapon for the masses, simple to make and devastatingly effective in large numbers even in unskilled hands. But, in the hands of a master, even a lone bowman can bring an enemy force to their knees. Prioritizing accurate attacks and speed over pure stopping power, it is a weapon that greatly depends on the skill of the wielder to become truly effective.

Novice (100 CP) - While you may only be beginning to master this weapon, you have learned the first and most important lesson. Where you place your arrow is more important than simply flinging shafts in the general direction of your foe. Every arrow you fire now deals more damage as you aim for more than just the meat of your opponent.

Adept (300 CP) - Being an effective archer is all about being where the action isn't. If an enemy has gotten close enough to take a swing at you, you need to adapt. So you have trained yourself in the art of close quarters archery. Ducking, dodging, dipping, and diving in and around foes no longer hampers your ability to fire off arrows. Essentially, you've mastered combining acrobatics and trick shots. Dodge away from an enemy's spear while firing at his shieldmate. Dive over underbrush and let loose a volley in mid-air. And that's just a few examples.

Crossbow

Gears and a winding mechanism combined with a hefty wooden stock and double-thick sinew tuned by skilled hands creates a truly devastating weapon of war. Skill may be important for other weapons, but not for this one. Even in the hands of a novice the crossbow can punch through armor to crack bones and end lives. While it cannot fire at the ranges that the bow can or keep up in terms of firing speed, it makes up for the shortcomings with raw stopping power.

Novice (100 CP) - Introductory lessons to the crossbow are all the same. Snug the stock up to the shoulder, aim down the length of the bolt, and pull the trigger. Once the initiate has picked themselves up out of the dirt, you teach them how to brace for the recoil. Which comes in handy for lesson two, cracking someone upside the head with the crossbow. Thankfully, you got both lessons and can fire easily or bash people without breaking your weapon into pieces.

Adept (300 CP) - Masters of the crossbow are few and far between. Mainly because there is little need to do so with the weapon. Still, those who dedicate themselves to the crank and iron bolt can be terrifying adversaries. To them, reloading can be done without conscious thought, greatly speeding the process while also allowing the crossbowman to keep a closer eye on the world around them. Which would be terrifying enough, if the years of winding time after time hadn't also strengthened their muscles until they would do credit to any swordsman. Blending bash and bolt together into a seamless onslaught of bone-crunching fury is what a truly great crossbowman does best.

Dual Wielding

Unlike the other weapon arts, this one can take many forms. A pair of daggers, a rapier and fencing knife, a longsword and shortsword are among a very few examples of this versatile fighting style. Favoring pure offense over any measure of defense means those who hold a weapon in each hand hit hard, but are also hit hard in return. Dervishes are either skilled or dead very early in their careers.

Novice (100 CP) - Wielding a weapon in each hand isn't as easy as the skilled make it look. Using both hands at the same time on separate tasks is hard enough at the best of times, nevermind with weapons and the threat of death in the air. But now you either have the raw talent or spent the long hours training to become completely ambidextrous. Need to pick a lock with one hand and defend yourself with the other? Difficult, but at least you've got a shot now.

Adept (300 CP) - Those who tend to go the route of a weapon in each hand tend to be a fairly… theatrical lot. They like to pose, get noticed, even tease their opponents at times. Of course, pulling such antics in battle is a sure way to have every sword in the room pointed at you. At least you're good at getting out of the way. You're able to duck and dodge with the best of them, slipping around incoming weapons and between legs with ease.

Single-Handed

A category reserved for swords, axes, and maces of all shapes and sizes that can be easily wielded in one hand. Those ignorant of the the ways of the warriors of this world see a man who keeps one hand empty and thinks he is less dangerous than those who fill both with steel. They would be sadly mistaken and quickly proven wrong should they try to test that assumption. A free hand does not mean disarmed by any means.

Novice (100 CP) - Those who choose to use a single weapon tend to be practical fighters, no matter what personality quirks they choose to hide this under. Practical warriors always learn the same lesson in the beginning. The first one to have steel in their hands is most often the winner in a battle. So they practice, and practice, and practice the drawing of their weapon until it all but leaps to their hand at a thought.

Adept (300 CP) - Practicality on the battlefield also goes by another name. Dirty tricks. But no one would recommend saying that to a warrior's face. Especially not a warrior who knows exactly how to snatch your weapon out of your hand and send it skittering across the room. Or who is capable of hooking a foot behind your knee at just the right moment to knock you off your feet. Or any one of a dozen different ways you now know to disable their opponents.

Two-Handed

Massive weapons of all types find their home here, from the Greatsword to the Battleaxe and all manner of exotic weaponry besides. When the common populace thinks of a warrior, this is the kind of weapon they invariably imagine them wielding. They tend to be brutish instruments of war, best suited for crushing an opponent with a single blow or holding off multiple foes at once.

Novice (100 CP) - Hanging onto six feet of steel when it's hammering against plate armor takes a certain amount of strength and practice, though not much skill. So early training with massive weapons tend to focus on both of those above everything else. A common training exercise for recruits is to hand them a massive axe and tell them to chop down the three largest trees in a nearby forest. So it should come as no surprise you've earned some extra muscles learning how to use this weapon.

Adept (300 CP) - After strength, comes skill specialized around taking advantage of it. Using that strength to force opponents into corners, to bash against their guard until it crumples, to launch yourself at foes before their have a chance to react. Or, to put it simple, to rush and crush. It is a simple, but effective, tactic which turns devastatingly so with an ally ready to strike in the moment of weakness.

Wand

While many mages of Rivellon carry staves for their superior ability to channel magical energies, wands remain useful for those who value versatility over raw power. A mage with a selection of wands at his side can strike out at their foes with all the elements of the world and unleash magic even when their internal reserves are completely drained.

Novice (100 CP) - Wands are fairly simple constructions. An elemental focus, a carved bit of wood, a little pixie dust, and an infusion of magic. Once crafted, it simply takes an effort of will to shove magic through it and get a ball of elemental magic to come shooting out the other end. Not something that can be done rapid-fire, mind you, but useful as a basic form of offense. Still, the theory behind it is worth knowing, because with it you can tweak the effort of will and cause your wand to glow like a torch. Handy for delving into dank tombs while still keeping a hand free to cast magic.

Adept (300 CP) - The great thing about magic is that it doesn't have to obey the laws of physics as concretely as most things in the universe. So while it is unlikely you will be able to make a crossbow bolt curve in flight by flicking your wrist, you'll find the same doesn't hold true for launching of a ball of raw elemental magic. You have discovered how, with the right twist and flick of your wrist, to cast your projectiles with a spiraling flight, or a wobble left and right, or even a gentle curve around cover. Which is great for shooting around allies and objects that might normally be in your way. With practice, perhaps you could apply this to spells you cast.

Defenses

Armor

Plate and mail armors have fallen somewhat out of favor with the adventuring community of Rivellon. For the most part, leather armor is preferred due to its higher maneuverability and for being much easier to put on and take off. Still, there are those who prefer to have more than cowhide between themselves and an undead's grasping claws.

Novice (100 CP) - Wearing metal armor all the time is uncomfortable for the uninitiated, but the only way to get more comfortable with it is to have it on all the time. So those looking to don it on a regular basis just suck it up and deal with the discomfort. Thankfully, that fades in time and soon enough it becomes just an extension of the warrior's body. With this comes the ability to put on the armor unassisted and to do so quickly, in case you are caught napping.

Adept (300 CP) - While strapping on so much plate offers excellent protection against blows, it also paints a large target on your back. Which is part of the point. Standing front and center means you will inevitably take a lot of punishment, but become tougher in the process. You will find that your ability to deal with pain and absorb punishment are both quite improved thanks to your years spent being a punching bag.

Shield

Commonly paired with a Single-Handed weapon, or more rarely a Wand, the Shield is a classic defensive tool from before history was recorded. While metallurgical advances mean that hide and wood have generally fallen to the wayside as materials, the basics for using a shield have not changed much over time. Put it between yourself and your enemy then hope they aren't strong enough to snap your arm.

Novice (100 CP) - Training in the use of the shield is fairly simple and almost universally the same. A person holds up the shield while another wails on them with a wooden weapon of some kind. Training continues until the student no longer ends the day covered in bruises. Still, a few teach not only the defensive, but offensive capabilities of the shield. The bash is simple is theory, complex in execution, but can turn the tide of a battle if timed properly. You've learned just enough of both to become a danger to your foes.

Adept (300 CP) - One blow is often all it takes to make, and destroy, opportunities in the frenzy of battle. The true master of the defensive fight understand this and know how to wait for their opportunity. To find the blow that is coming at just the right angle, to slide that blow off to the side, and then slip their weapon in for the kill. You have mastered the counterattack and will find, or create, openings to use this in combat against all but the most skilled combatants.

Willpower

The strength of a person's soul can be hard to measure. It is not a muscle to be subject to examination and classification. But it can be found in their willingness to face the long odds bravely. It can be seen when they resists the temptations in a Sourcerer's words. It can even be felt in the heat of the moment as they raise their voices to the heavens and shout their defiance.

Novice (100 CP) - Even the best and bravest heroes have been known to fall for a pretty face and a winning personality. There are countless stories of those who have felt their blood race at the scent of a delicious perfume. But there are ways to guard the senses against such beguilements. Training and focus are both key, but the effort could save your life. You have a better understanding of, and resistance to, the pretty words and other non-magical beguilements that people would use to persuade your reason.

Adept (300 CP) - Unfortunately there are larger threats in the world than falling under the charms of a lovely lady with a knife strapped to her thigh. Magicians of all stripes, as well as more than a few alchemists, know how to reach into a person's mind and force them to dance to their will. There's nothing worse than coming to your senses with your weapon rammed deep inside an ally. Thankfully, you are made of sterner stuff than that. You have a decent chance of resisting magical tampering with your mind. Not a perfect defence, but every little bit helps.

Bodybuilding

On the flip side of the coin, the muscles of a person and their physical endurance is very easy to quantify. Lift a larger rock, run a little farther, fight a little harder than the day before and you're making progress. It's a blunt and easily understood notion that provides direct and tangible benefits.

Novice (100 CP) - Working out has additional effects beyond simply building muscle and toning away fat. Among other things, it strengthens the immune system, allowing a person to more easily shrug off the multitude of unpleasant organisms and compounds that can seep into the bloodstream. You now have a pretty substantial resistance to poisons and diseases, so long as they do not come from a magical source. Adding cobra venom to your alcohol is still not advised.

Adept (300 CP) - Physical exercise will only improve your immune system so far. There is only so much flesh and blood can do on its own. Eventually one has to take the next step. It is drastic and dangerous, but the only way. By purposefully inflicting small doses of magical poisons and diseases upon your body you have gained a resistance to those kinds of spells. While not a perfect defense, magic being what it is, you are much less likely to feel the full debilitating effects of such spells.

Personality

Charisma

Charisma isn't just about being a pretty face and flashing a winning smile to get your way. It's about offering up a skillful argument, convincing your opponent you're in the right, and shutting down any points of their own. Simply put, the art of manipulating people to get your own way.

Novice (100 CP) - Articulating your points concisely and precisely is the foundation of an excellent debater. If your verbal foe cannot understand the argument you are trying to make, then naturally they will not listen. So now you can. You can always ensure that your speech conveys exactly the meaning that you wish without having to fumble around for the correct words or syntax. While this doesn't guarantee the other party will agree with you, it will always help your case to be well spoken.

Adept (300 CP) - Debating properly is not just about a well worded argument. If that were the case any half-trained writer could do it. The other part of it is the delivery. Knowing when and how to make your voice throb with emotion, which moment to pretend to lose your temper to shake your opponent, and everything in between. Simply put, your voice is now a well tuned instrument and your instincts are conditioned for sounding out the best moments to use it to influence those around you.

Bartering

Coin exchanging hands for goods or goods being handed over for other goods or services. It is a practice older than recorded history. While the specifics change from era to era, the general principle never has. Buy low, sell high, and always suspect the other fellow of lying.

Novice (100 CP) - When buying and selling it helps if you know the common price of a few staple goods. From there you can extrapolate how much any given item might be worth with reasonable accuracy. Given an hour or two worth of harmless questions and wandering around in a town, you are able to ascertain which goods or services are considered to be these staples for a community as well as their value in local currency. Once this is know, you can estimate, with fair accuracy, the value of *any* item you wish to appraise.

Adept (300 CP) - While knowing what an item is worth is crucial for the process, being able to convince others to give you most of it is the true test. You have a silver tongue when it comes to the art of the deal. You are able to sell ice to eskimos given some persistent negotiations. Given a halfway decent product and an even mediocre market, you'll be able to make profit hand over fist. In addition, your ability to negotiate deals in your favor is given a dramatic boost. Buying low and selling high aren't just pipe dreams anymore.

Craftsmanship

Blacksmithing

For millennia now man has melted and shaped metal to suit their needs and desires. Swords, chain mails, spikes for shields and many, many more inventive weapons of war have arisen from the ability to shape metal and desire to kill others.

Novice (100 CP) - An apprentice to a blacksmith can count on long hours, hot work, and little in the way of gratitude. But for their dedication, they are rewarded with being able to watch a master at work. Seeing a sheet of chain mail being born, or watching the head of a mace being teased into creation. Given access to a forge and some tools, you will find a wealth of knowledge on how to create and repair all manner of mundane medieval arms and armor.

Adept (300 CP) - As one reaches the limit of what one can do with simply metals and heat, a blacksmith naturally looks at the world around them. Those filled with potent magic just waiting to be tapped. You can now work such items into your creations, crafting swords of fire, impossible sharpness, and other such wonders. Perhaps, given time and the right components, you could even create legendary works of art and destruction.

Crafting *[Note 3]*

Crafting is a wide skill that covers everything from simple cooking all the way to magical arrowheads and amulets. Despite this, it is not precisely a trade all on its own. It represents the bits and pieces of useful item creation that some adventurers pick up by dabbling in all the trades at once. You won't be master chef or an expert enchanter, but you don't really have to be either to create something useful.

Novice (100 CP) - By studying with a variety of craftsmen for a few weeks at a time, either due to an inability to focus or a desire to obtain a general knowledge base, you've cobbled together your own set of skills and have figured out how to combine items in odd ways. Sewing taught you how to make a doll, while alchemy allowed you to grind down a certain plant into magical dust. You by combining the two, you can create a Voodoo Doll that causes pain to the one you throw it at. This is, of course, just one example of what you might be able to come up with.

Adept (300 CP) - With experience comes a certain, subtle awareness that there are more ways to use your talents than you have been up until now. Tossing an oil filled bottle with a flaming rag on top might be enough to get the job done, but there are certainly better ways to go about it. Perhaps if you slipped an Essence of Fire into the mix. Or perhaps nails! Or both! You'll find that you can not only spot new combinations of items you would not have expected but that your creativity in general has received a substantial boost.

Loremaster

Dusty tomes and yellowing scrolls are remnants of history, fragments of knowledge from ages past sent forward through ink and paper. While much of the world fails to give these storehouses of information their proper credit those who dive into them discover lost secrets to hold true power. Or at the very least, a few answers. Loremasters nearly always have some form of magical talent, as it is the study of the arcane in essence. However, there are those for whom it is the extent of their abilities to draw out a few secrets from the books and little else.

Novice (200 CP) - Apprentices of the old lore are taught, not by rote, but by arguments. They are told to seek out the flaws in others logic, to pick apart the minutia of another's words, and to seek the shades of truth in every conversation. While at first no student sees the value in this, they soon learn that they can apply such introspection to the magical items they find. With a few moments study and a jeweler's loupe they can discern the enchantment bound to a particular item.

Unlike the other skills, this one requires further training to see its true worth. In the beginning, a novice Loremaster will only be able to discover the basics of an enchantment. The essential element or driving force. But as one grows more experienced they will be able to pick up the minutia, dipping into the ins and outs of even the most subtle enhancements.

Magic

*A Discount in a Magic School grants you **1 Novice** rank for free*
And a 50% Discount as standard on the rest.

You must buy Novice before you can purchase Adept
and Adept before you can purchase Master. [Note 2]

Magic in Rivellon is a bit different from what you will find in other realms. For one, commonly used magic is almost exclusively focused on what can be used in and around combat situations. This is due, in part, to the tight reign magical colleges and Source Hunters have placed on the practice of magic. While there are undoubtedly more ways Magic can be used, much of the world doesn't seem keen on experimenting when it could result in a Source Hunter kicking down your door and murdering half your family.

So experimentation beyond the options presented below is possible, but do so at your own risk.

Secondly, Magic in Rivellon is heavily based in the passage of time. Once a spellcaster has launched off a particular spell, it takes time for them to accumulate the magic necessary to cast that spell again. The amount of time generally depends on the power of the spell, with weaker ones taking roughly a minute to the strongest taking a full hour. Most mages will never be without a spell to sling for more than a moment or two.

Thirdly, magical spells often affect more than just those targeted. Many Hydrosophist spells leave puddles of water or ice scattered around the ground, while Pyrokinetic mages can leave whole fields alight with their fireballs and bolts. Magic is an elemental force and even the best of spells can "spill over" in unintended ways.

For example, launching a lightning bolt at an enemy standing in a pool of water will electrify both for a few moments. Other enemies that happen to step into it may find themselves unable to leave the puddle as the residual electricity shorts out their nerves.

Another example, many Geomancer spells leave pools of oil or clouds of poisonous clouds lingering in their wake. A bit of fire, be it from a spell or grenade or even a torch carelessly brought nearby, could set either alight in an explosive blast sure to hurt anyone inside.

In short, the elements of this world can work to your advantage if you pay attention, but you can find yourself falling victim to them just as easily. Many of your enemies will know how to take advantage of these elemental combinations as well. So watch where you toss your spells or you may find yourself on the receiving end of unintended chaos.

A Note: Unless otherwise stated, you may only have one of each type of spell active at once: Summon, Shield, and Stance.

Aerotheurge

Air magic is based around the fury of striking lightning, the biting cold of the winter wind, and the invisibility of the passing breeze. Leave your foes stunned or frozen in place while you disappear and plan your next move. Pair it with a little Water magic to leave frozen puddles or electric traps all over the battlefield.

Wandering Breeze

Novice (100 CP) - Just like the wind, pinning down an Aerotheurge is all but impossible, even when they are in the earliest stages of their training. Teleporting others is the first trick they learn, able to throw those they target up to 15 meters away and slamming them painfully to the ground in the process. On the same vein, Thunder Jumping involves teleporting oneself violently into not one, but two nearby targets before appearing behind the second. Those struck are occasionally stunned from the impact.

Teleport allows you toss anyone but yourself to a spot up to 15 meters away that you can see. The spell is rather violent and will always slam the target to the ground painfully. Thunder Jump uses a pair of rapid teleports to blast up to two enemies with electrical energy and set yourself down behind the second target. This spell also have a good chance of stunning those struck. Both spells can be used once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - If pinning down a novice Aerotheurge was difficult, doing so to one more fully trained in the art becomes next to impossible. Invisibility is the basis of the next two talents they pluck from the wind. Invisibility is straightforward as a concept and makes the caster disappear from view, if but for a moment. Make Invisible works similarly, but on others, which can confuse foes unaccustomed to the practice or allow allies a precious moment to line up a killing blow. Sadly, both spells are rather fragile and do not hold up to those affected casting other spells or the violent actions of attacking a foe.

Invisibility does just what it sounds like, making the caster completely transparent for roughly 12 seconds or so. Make Invisible lasts just shy of 30 seconds, but only affects others and not the caster. Casting a spell or attacking a foe will break either spell. Both can be cast once per minute.

Master (+100 CP) - While other schools can claim to have more destructive, flashier, or more deadly spells to divulge to those who reach the pinnacle of their magical art, few can claim to be as useful to the creative mind. Netherswap allows you to exchange the places of two people within a moderate distance of each other. The caster can even target themselves if they wish. Powerful? Not so much. The spell does no damage to either party involved. But to an inventive Aerotheurge, a wealth of opportunities present themselves.

Netherswap is a pretty basic spell, but that doesn't keep it from being useful. Swap the position of any two people you can see within 30 meters instantaneously. Neither party takes any damage from this spell directly, but should the caster leap towards lava and trigger this spell… Let's just say possibilities exist. This spell can be cast once per minute.

Winter Winds

Novice (100 CP) - Most Aerotheurge are not content to draw scraps of power from the gentlest of inspirations. So they reach for a harsher, colder muse. By tapping into the powers of winter itself, the first powers learned are mirrors of each other. Bitter Cold allows they to sheathe an opponent in ice so quickly and completely that they will be locked in place for a short while. The Winds of Change, on the other hand, snaps allies out of hostile magic that would keep them locked in place. By using a short blast of ice magic, it cures Petrification, electrical Stunning, and even jolts those Slowed back into the proper flow of time.

Bitter Cold can freeze those without protection to air magic on a reliable basis, keeping them pinned in place and unable to act for 12 seconds. Winds of Change can be used to cure Petrification, Stun, and Slow, so long as they are from magical sources. Both spells can be cast once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - The biting nature of the winter wind can harm the caster as much as their foes, so as one dips further into that power they must learn how to protect oneself while they lash out. Air Shield cloaks the caster in a bubble of energy that provides protection against the worst of the cold and lightning spells, but has a peculiar weakness to Earth magic. Should it be forced to absorb too much energy at once, or be struck by Earth magic, it will take time for the caster to be able to raise another. Headvice applies the same principle of hardening air, but does so directly around an opponent's head. This naturally causes severe pain but can only be maintained in small bursts.

Air Shield provides moderate protection against Cold and Lightning based spells and can be kept up continuously by the mage. However, if it is stuck by several such spells or by Earth magic of any kind, the shield will dissipate. The caster will be unable to reactivate the spell for a full minute after that. You may only have one Shield type spell active at a time. Headvice compresses the air directly around an opponent's head to cause severe pain, occasionally inflicting migraines severe enough to blind the opponent for 30 seconds. This spell can be used once per minute.

Master (+100 CP) - Eventually, many Aerotheurge ask themselves the same question. Why are they mucking around with winds and winter instead of summoning up one of the Great Winds themselves? While that would require a little more than a simple magical spell, that thought is the basis of one of the greatest spells a mage of any stripe can learn. Summon Air Elemental conjures forth a being made of swirling winds solid enough to strike foes and cold bitter enough to freeze foes solid. While such a being can hold its form for only a few moments at a time, death holds no terror to a creature such as this.

Summon Air Elemental calls forth a semi-sentient chunk of raw air magic given shape and form by the caster's will. Air Elementals are quick to act, striking less strongly than other elementals but more rapidly. They also can cast Bitter Cold once during each summoning. They are not especially durable creations, but hitting one takes true effort. Air Elementals remain summoned for 1 minute and can be summoned once every 5 minutes.

Thunder and Lightning

Novice (100 CP) - And now we come to the purely destructive side of air magic. The slashing lightning that blasts apart trees and blows of thunder that rock the ears. From such an elemental natural force an Aerotheurge derives the spells that drive their foes before them. Shocking Touch electrifies those within easy reach, while Blitz Bolt does the same to those who think distance will save their hides. As with all such spells, there is a decent chance your foes will find their nerves failing to respond to their calls after being hit.

Shocking Touch deals moderate electrical damage to those within a few meters of the caster and have a mild chance of Stunning them. Blitz Bolt does the same, trading out a little extra damage for less of a chance to stun and a range of 15 meters. Both spells can be cast once every 30 seconds.

Adept (+100 CP) - Just a touch of power is never enough. Storms build into raging tempests until the heavens can no longer contain their fury and the land below much feel its rage. Chain Lightning brings such raw destructive power to many foes at once, instead of just one at a time. It bounces and splits from the first target, seeking another nearby victim and then up to four more before its thirst for violence will be sated. Thankfully it ignores allies if you wish it. Thunder Jump allows you to expand on that principle, riding on the back of a bolt of electricity to zap your foes and teleport you around the battlefield.

Chain Lightning deals strong electrical damage to an initial target and then forks to up to five additional ones, dealing less damage with each bounce. The range for the initial target is 15 meters and every additional one must be within 7 meters of the last. Thunder Jump uses a pair of rapid teleports to blast up to two enemies with electrical energy and set yourself down behind the second target. This spell also have a good chance of stunning those struck. Both spells can be used once per minute.

Master (+100 CP) - When the sky turns black and thick and blots out the sun from horizon to horizon, a gale fit to ruin towns approaches. Storm allows you to summon such ferocity for a few seconds and direct its wrath towards your foes. It unleashes bolt after bolt of deadly white lightning upon any in its path, randomly striking between eight and ten of them. It unleashes such a barrage three times in a less than a moment and is capable of crippling even larger forces. As such, an Aerotheurge must choose their timing wisely, for such a spell takes a great deal of time to gather the strength to be unleashed again.

Storm unleashes 8 to 10 lightning bolts at anyone within a 15 meter radius circle you can see. The damage is severe on all those struck by a bolt. It will unleash 1 volley immediately after being cast, then a second one 12 seconds later, and a third 12 seconds after that. This spell is one of the more destructive that sees use on Rivellon and as such can only be used once every half hour.

Expert Marksman

It is easy to see the magic in the elements and those who draw inspiration from them. More subtle is the skill of those who wield the bow or crossbow and those who study the herbs of the forest. Some hardly consider these abilities magic at all, merely tricks that anyone with practice could pull off. But the line between skill and magic can, and often does, blur for some.

Note: This school can be used by those who don't use a crossbow.

The Turning Gear

Novice (100 CP) - The crossbow is a complex machine with a simple message behind it. Power. It takes very little magic or training to coax a weapon into performing the way it already wants to. Because of that, Power Stance is the first spell those with the talent learn. It strengthens the mechanisms and forces the bolt to sail much faster, though the additional kickback from such a high tensions lowers accuracy somewhat. On a similar vein, Splintered Bolt involves firing a projectile so hard that it shattered on impact, scattering lethal fragments in all directions to damage nearby enemies.

Power Stance offers a significant increase to all damage dealt with a ranged weapon while activated, but causes the user's accuracy to degrade wildly in the process. Power Stance can be turned on or off with a thought and will have to be reactivated if the user loses consciousness for any reason. You may only have one Stance spell active at once. Splintered Bolt deals moderate damage to everyone within 8 meters of where the bolt/bullet/arrow impacts and can be used once every minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - The greatest danger to those who use ranged weapons is not the swordsman, but the mage. Hurled elements will put down a squad of archers with ease. To temper power with protection some learn to redirect the very armor they wear to other purposes. Absorb the Elements draws the strength from any armor the caster is wearing, weakening it severely against physical blows, but allowing it to block a moderate portion of elemental damage instead. Of course, that is of little help if one is already injured, so learning to draw strength for your opponent a similar, and useful, spell. Vampiric Arrow deals causes a projectile normally would, but draws vitality out of the target and majorly heals the caster in the process.

Absorb the Elements reduces the effectiveness of currently worn armor against all physical blows in half, but offers moderate resistance against all elements instead. This spell is very quick to cast, lasts for a full minute, and can be cast once every five minutes. Vampiric Arrow causes a projectile to deal half of its normal damage, but heal the caster in a major way. This spell can be used once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - Those who desire power from a ranged weapon soon realize there is only so much to gain. One can only pull the bowstring so hard before even the toughest wood snaps. So, instead, they desire more. Rain of Arrows turns one arrow into a flight of them worthy of the most highly trained battalion. Hundreds of arrows rain down on a wide area, showering foes in a hailstorm of destruction.

Rain of Arrows deals severe damage to everyone within a 6 meter radius as one arrow multiplies into an entire barrage of them. It can be used once every fifteen minutes.

The Eagle's Eye

Novice (100 CP) - On the opposite end from power sits precision. The ability to hit exactly the target you want in exactly the place that you want. A single arrow in just the right spot can cripple an entire cavalry charge or cause an enemy to lose their courage entirely. Precision Stance offers exactly that. By planting one's feet firmly and refusing to give much ground, one can give their ranged attacks a massive boost to accuracy. Ricochet builds upon that by infusing a bit of magic directly into the arrow itself, allowing it to twist and turn in flight to strike up to four targets near each other.

Precision Stance reduces the caster's movement speed in half, but offers a major boost to their accuracy with any ranged weapon. Precision Stance can be turned on or off with just a thought, but has to be reactivated if the caster loses consciousness. You may only have one Stance spell active at a time. Ricochet causes an arrow to cut and corner in impossible ways to find and strike up to four targets within 8 meters of each other. It can be cast once every minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - Just as the hawk can spot their target from atop the tallest of trees, an archer needs to be keen of eyes in order to see the smallest points of weakness. Farseer provides a burst of visual acuity as the caster focuses their magic onto their own eyes. For a space of a single strike, the caster becomes capable of seeing even tiny chinks in an opponent's armor. But being able to see those weaknesses means nothing without being able to exploit them. Barrage causes an arrow to multiply in flight, each of the three dealing slightly less damage than normal, but all of them striking the exact same point. Perfect for pressing the advantage against heavily armored foes.

Farseer gives the caster inhuman levels of visual acuity for a few seconds, allowing them to pick out even small gaps in a foe's armor for a single shot. Barrage causes an arrow to split into three copies of itself in flight. Each deal slightly less damage than normal, but all three will strike the same point in quick succession. Both spells can be cast once a minute.

Master (+100 CP) - Precision, however, does one little good if one becomes overwhelmed. After all, each arrow, even placed just so, can only strike down one foe at a time. Arrow Spray is an unsophisticated solution to the desire for precision and stopping power, but few who obtain it argue against its effectiveness. One arrow transforms into sixteen, spraying out in a narrow arc to form a killing line. Firing this spell at close range can be particularly devestating.

Arrow Spray transforms one arrow into sixteen and fires all of them in a 45 degree arc. While this causes each arrow to do slightly less damage, the narrow arc means those standing too close could be stuck multiple times. This spell can be used once every fifteen minutes.

A Helping Hand

Novice (100 CP) - Herbalism and alchemy are often seen as fraudulent arts by those who practice true magic. But those who live far from traditional doctors of this world have learned that a little bit of magic and the right herbs can do just as much as those who spray mana everywhere. First Aid uses that combination to heal minor wounds as well as a huge range of status ailments on a single person. Treat Poison, while treating only the single status ailment, also confers a short term immunity to poison as well.

First Aid cures a target of the Weakness, Blindness, Mute, Infected, Bleeding, Crippled, and Diseased status ailments as well as functioning as a minor healing spell. Treat Poisoning cures the poison status ailment and also confers immunity to it for thirty seconds. Each spell can be used once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - Dealing with sickness grants one a certain familiarity with it. A knowledge of which herbs and berries can be used to cause discomfort, pain, sickness. Exploiting that on and off the battlefield is quite easy and the reason that most lords and ladies have a taster for their food. Infect slaps a target's immune system with a violent, but short-lived, disease that greatly weakens their constitution. But take care, because a disease as hungry at this will not stop spreading just because you have allies nearby. Survivor's Karma takes the experience of those who have lived a hard life and hardens it into a boon for their allies. It grants a hefty boost to the luck of the caster and all their allies in a short radius.

Infect cripples the immune system of a target within 10 meters for one minute, draining their endurance and weakening them while they are affected. Anyone who touches a person who is Infected will themselves be Infected. Even allies. While short lived, this spell can rob whole squads of their strength and leave them weakened. Infect can be cast once every five minutes. Survivor's Karma grants the caster and all allies within a 6 meter radius a sizable boost to their luck, which can have a multitude of effects. It lasts for one minute and can be cast every five.

Master (+100 CP) - Death is a constant ally, even for the best of healers and alchemists. The constant reminder that lingers over every sick bed that this could go badly. And it often does. However, the true masters of the art have learned how to pull the recently deceased back from the brink. Resurrect is capable of reviving a person who has been dead for less than three hours, restoring most of their vitality and even reattaching or regrowing missing limbs. Those who die of natural causes are not viable targets for Resurrect and any who return will need additional healing to completely shake off their wounds.

Resurrect is a powerful spell and one of the few of its kind to survive this era. Adventurers often carry scrolls of it into the more dangerous battles. It returns a dead body back to life, provided it had not been dead more than three hours, and returns them back to 50% health. It has a range of 10 meters and those Resurrected will be returned to the caster's side. It can be cast once per hour.

Geomancer

Earth magic is a varied art, taking inspiration from the noxious fumes that rise from the depths, the raw durability of the element, and the destructive power of the crashing boulder. Leave your opponents gasping for breath or listen to their bones snap as you bolster your allies. Pair it with a dash of Fire magic for some truly explosive results.

Vital Essence

Novice (+100 CP) - Protection and endurance are central to a Geomancer, both aspects drawn from the stability of the very earth that make up the world. Earth Shield surrounds the caster in a few dozen pebbles that hover around in a small orbit. While ineffective against physical blows, the rocks do an excellent job of absorbing most of the impact of any Earth magic that may slam into the caster. Sadly, even the weakest electrical spell will blast this protection asunder. Fortify has a similar effect, but without the built in weakness and offering protection against physical attacks of all sorts.

Earth Shield provides moderate protection against Earth based spells, though several strong blows or an Electrical spell of any stripe will disrupt this protection. Fortify offers a similar level of protection from physical blows with the same predilection for collapsing under a few powerful blows. Both spells, once collapsed, take a full minute before they can be brought up again. You may only have one Shield spell active at once.

Adept (+100 CP) - Deving deeper into the magic drawn from the rocks and mountains allows the discovery of the spells that enhance the strength of the caster and those around them. Bless has a simple name, but is a rather complicated enchantment. It allows the caster to enhance one of their own physical traits. Strength, Endurance, Dexterity, Agility, any one of them can receive a sharp boost for a few moments. Similarly, Blessed Earth allows the caster to apply the same effect to all their allies within a short distance.

Bless can increase either Strength, Endurance, Dexterity, or Agility sharply for thirty seconds, but can only target the caster and be cast once per minute. Blessed Earth is similar in effect, but targets all allies, instead of the caster, within 15 meters and can only be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - As in life, there comes a time when a shield must be turned into a weapon if the wielder is to survive. Those who have researched deeply into the mysteries of Geomancy will find that they can animate the very earth itself in times of need. Summon Earth Elemental will conjure up a being made entirely out of stones and soil, slow to act but unstoppable in strength. It will defend the Geomancer with every ounce of its might until the magic sustaining it ebbs away after a few moments.

Summon Earth Elemental calls forth a semi-sentient chunk of raw earth magic. They are large, lumbering piles of soil and rocks that are slower than other elementals, but as tough as a boulder and wildly powerful. They can cast Boulder Bash once during each summoning. Earth Elementals remain summoned for 1 minute and can be summoned once every 5 minutes.

Crushing Force

Novice (100 CP) - Of course, protection and enhancement are nice enough, but it is a violent world out there. One must be ready to strike back and Geomancers are among the least subtle magic users on offense. Boulder Bash conjures forth a large rock and slams it down on top of your enemies. It also leaves a pool of highly flammable oil upon impact, coating those hit by the rock and even those nearby. Midnight Oil, while less immediately damaging, spreads a large pool of the same oil along the ground. Just watch out for rogue sparks.

Boulder Bash is a pretty straightforward spell. Drop a rock on any opponent within 15 meters, damaging them as well as coating them in flammable oil. Midnight Oil produces a 3 meter radius pool of oil that clings to those it touches and is also highly flammable. Both spells can be cast once every 30 seconds.

Adept (+100 CP) - Few things unnerve an opponent like suddenly finding themselves encased in stone, unable to move so much as a single muscle. Petrifying Touch does just this to a single foe within a short distance for a moment. In addition, because the transformation from skin to stone and back again is a violent and hurried one, it causes moderate damage along the way. Tectonic Spray has a similar effect, but draws inspiration from the terrifying basilisk's breath weapon, unleashing a blast of sand that can petrify all those it touches. The few that escape being turned to stone will find themselves coated with oil instead, though none by the agile will escape the harsh blast of sand.

Petrifying Touch has a high chance of petrifying a single target within 3 meters of the caster for 15 seconds. It causes moderate damage along the way and can be used once every 30 seconds. Tectonic Spray unleashes a blast of sand in a 45 degree done that is 7 meters long. It has a moderate change to petrify those that it touches, deals moderate damage either way, and those who are not petrified are coated in flammable oil. It can be used once every 2 minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - Geomancers who unlock the greatest spells have done so by tapping into the true potential the earth itself holds. They can sense the motions of the world. That mountains move and continents shift in patterns it would take billions of years to see unfold fully. Earthquake focuses those tiny shifts into sudden, wild action that rocks the ground in a large radius. Even the most sure footed goats would find their feet swept out from under them. The magic also causes significant damage to any who feel its touch. Finally, in the aftermath, the ground becomes slicked with oil in random patches, making rising difficult. While this mighty spell can only be rarely unleashed it will turn the tide in most any battle the Geomancer uses it.

Earthquake does exactly what one thinks it would. The earth shakes violently in a 15 meter radius around the caster. Being airborne or the caster is the only sure way to not be knocked off your feet, because the magic reinforces that aspect heavily. The fall, combined with the battering from the magical force, does significant damage to any that it touches. The spell also leaves behind random patches of oil in the 15 meter radius. Earthquake can only be used once every half hour.

Touch of Poison

Novice (100 CP) - Noxious fumes and poisons draw their inspiration from the patient, waiting nature of earth twisted into something dark and dangerous. But such power requires first the protection to handle is safely. Avatar of Poison seeps the caster in poisons of all stripes, making it dangerous to strike or even touch them without being infected while also granting immunity to venoms of all stripes. Summon Spider conjures forth a massive spider, drawing out the nearest arachnid in the area and enlarging it to a massive side. The magic also gives it venomous bite that weaks those it sinks its fangs into.

Avatar of Poison makes the caster immune to all kinds of poisons, as well as injecting those who touch or strike the caster with a weak poison that causes a small amount of damage over time and pain. Summon Spider is a weaker summon and requires there to be a spider somewhere nearby to empower, but unlike most Summon spells it does not count towards the One Summon Active limit. Both spells can be kept active continuously but require the caster to be conscious to maintain them.

Adept (+100 CP) - With a protection against their own spells firmly in place, a Geomancer can delve deeper into the art of the slow death. Magical Poison Dart, while uninspired in name, is effective and can quickly turn deadly for foes. With a quick motion the caster launches off a small dart filled with a violent, quick-acting poison. Foes will find their strength leeching away within moments of being struck. Summon Poison Slug calls forth, well, a giant poisonous slug. It's slow and rather poor at attacking, but is nearly indestructable and leaves a trail of poisonous sludge in its wake.

Magical Poison Dart conjures up and fires a small dart loaded with a poison that quickly eats away at the health of those struck. It is a short lived poison, only lasting fifteen seconds, but the spell can be fired off every ten seconds. Summon Poison Slug conjures forth a massive slug made from semi-sentient poison magic. It is slow and doesn't have much sting to its attacks, but if it catches an opponent they will find themselves liberally coated in poisonous slime that is quite deadly. The Poison Slug remains summoned for 30 seconds at a time and the spell can be cast once per minute.

Master (+100 CP) - Like any poison, a Geomancer's power builds with time until it is ready to pounce and overrun its victim in one fell swoop. Deadly Spores is the culmination of research and experimentation into ruinous spells. With one burst of magic, the Geomancer launches off five balls of poisonous magic that arc high into the air before raining down on the battlefield where they choose. Those caught in the burst of noxious gas and slimy ooze will take substantial damage from the poison instantly, as well as further if they do not vacate the blast radius quickly. This spell is capable of ruining entire battlefields if used with a little planning.

Deadly Spores fires off five balls of poisonous gas and ooze. They arc high and drop where the caster wishes them to within a 15 meter range. They cause substantial poison damage in a 3 meter radius where they strike, as well as leaving behind a gas cloud and ooze on the ground, both of which are highly toxic in their own right. Deadly Spores can be cast once every half hour.

Hydrosophist

The magic of water is more subtle than the other three elements, but one should not mistake that lack of flash for a lack of power. Those who practice water magic draw on its ability to freeze and break nearly anything, its connection to blood to call forth healing properties, and the movements of the flowing river to hinder their foes. Fire and Air magic both pair well with it.

Creeping Frost

Novice (100 CP) - Drawing inspiration from the slow march of winter as it encases the world in ice, Hydrosophists practice their early arts in small ways. By first learning to control the water in themselves and others first they ensure mastery before they move onto more difficult arts. Avatar of Frost chills the body of the caster, rendering them resistant to ice and water spells and ensuring those who strike the caster are touched with frost as well. Freezing Touch takes this chilling one step further, allowing the caster to suddenly and dramatically change the moisture in the air around an individual they can touch into ice. While the shell will not last for long, and make the one encased inside harder to damage to boot, it is strong enough to hold even a brute for a moment.

Avatar of Frost grants the caster a resistance to ice and water spells of all kinds and damages those who strike them with a burst of frosty mist. It can be kept active continuously, but requires the caster to be conscious to remain active. Freezing Touch encases a person touched in a loose collection of ice crystal, trapping them in place for 12 seconds. This spell can be cast once every thirty seconds.

Adept (+100 CP) - As winter progresses and the cold bites into the very bones, so to is a Hydrosophists' power sure to grow with time. Ice Shard solidifies air into a solid spear of ice before hurling it at wild speeds towards an opponent. Ice Wall takes the same principle and applies it to a much grander scale. The caster calls forth a massive wall of ice thick enough to trap those who are caught in its path and strong enough to block even mighty blows for a few moments. However, the wall melts fairly quickly, but the massive puddle it leaves behind can be useful in its own right.

Ice Shard shoots a moderately damaging hunk of ice towards an opponent within 15 meters. It can be cast once per minute. Ice Wall summons forth a 3 meter long by 10 meter high wall of ice anywhere within 15 meters of the caster. It springs up instantly and can trap those caught in its way inside. It lasts for thirty seconds before melting away into a massive water puddle. It can be cast once every ten minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - The final step in the path to winter's heart lies in reaching to the sky, to the moisture waiting nebulous in the clouds. Hailstorm sends the caster's magic up towards those dizzying heights and returns with teeth the harshest deep winter cold cannot match. Shards of ice ranging from razor-thin dagger to thick, destructive clubs rain down on all those that dare to share the Hydrosophists' battlefield. Friends and allies would do well to run for the ruin storm does not discriminate targets in the slightest.

Hailstorm calls down a rain of destructive ice chunks. It causes heavy damage to anyone within 15 meters of the caster. The storm lasts an entire minute and continuously damages anyone caught inside or unable to flee its wrath. This spell can only be cast once every hour. The caster should be aware this spell is completely indiscriminate in who or what it targets.

Bond of Blood

Novice (100 CP) - The waters of life flow through the veins of all living creatures and is the inspiration for those who delve into the healing arts of water magic. Speeding up the natural healing process is the best starting point for apprentices. Regeneration does exactly this, speeding up the normal healing process living bodies already have in place. It is a simple spell, but can grow in power as the mage does. Water Shield draws the moisture of the caster's body out into a tangible protective barrier. The thin sheet of water flows around the caster and draws in ice and water spells to neutralize them. However, abusing this protection or subjecting it to a blast of fire magic will disable it temporarily.

Regeneration causes an ally or the caster to heal themselves over the next 15 seconds. The amount healed grows as the caster learns more Hydrosophy spells, but will be enough to close sword wounds even in the beginning. Water Shield provides complete protection against Ice and Water based spells and can be kept up continuously by the mage. However, if it is stuck by several such spells or by Fire magic of any kind, the shield will dissipate. The caster will be unable to reactivate the spell for a full minute after that. You may only have one Shield type spell active at a time.

Adept (+100 CP) - Speeding up the natural healing process is effortless enough that most Hydrosophists quickly leap to the next stage. Infusing magic directly into the blood of themselves and others to force the body to heal instantly. Water of Life does exactly this by closing the caster's wounds to a significant degree. The caster can also spread this healing to any allies within arms reach if they choose. Cleansing Water focuses not on wounds, but the various ailments that come to plague the mortal form. It works best on magical afflictions, though it can be coaxed to work on naturally occurring ones as well.

Water of Life heals the caster and all allies within 3 meters significantly. It can be cast once every minute. Cleansing Water cure the following status ailments: Blind, Mute, Disease, Infected, Bleeding, Crippled, and Decaying Touch. It can be cast once every thirty seconds. You can also use this to heal non-magical versions of the same ailments. I.E. If someone is blinded due to old age or wounds, you can fix that too.

Master (+100 CP) - While those who tie their water magic to the study of blood and its movements will find themselves lacking a little when it comes to versatility, there is no arguing against their ability to save lives in a heartbeat. Mass Healing is the pinnacle of restorative magics, able to fully heal anyone still living within a large radius that the Hydrosohpist desires. It is a draining spell, but one that will never fail to bring those touched back from the brink.

Mass Heal fully heals everyone desired within a 6 meter radius. It has a range of 15 meters and can only be cast once an hour. The only thing it won't fix is death.

Flowing River

Novice (100 CP) - The natural cycle of water from sky to land and back again is an easy phenomenon to understand with a little time and patience. Drawing inspiration from this, even the most minorly talented Hydrosophist can call rain from the sky at a moment's notice. Rain does exactly what one might think such a spell does. It causes a brief, but intense, downpour of rain in a wide area around the caster. It is enough to coat the ground in a slick of moisture, douse fires, and soak everyone caught inside the shower. Slow Current takes its cue from the flowing river, summoning the irresistible force of water on the move to dampen a foe's ability to act for a few moments.

Rain causes a downpour that lasts for 15 seconds and extends 20 meters in all directions around the caster. It is perfectly natural water and will react in natural ways to anything it comes into contact with. Slow Current hinders a single opponent by slowing their movements and actions for 30 seconds. Both spells can be used once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - Just as the river can gently flow, so can it rage and catch all those nearby in its wrath. Mass Slow does exactly this, extending the effect of Slow Current out in all directions from the caster. Any that are snared in its wide grasp will find any movement at all difficult, if not impossible. Waterblast unleashes this force directly, battering any who are caught inside the cone of its torrential flow and possibly knocking them from their feet in the process.

Mass Slow has the same effect as Slow Current, but will affect any foes within 15 meters of the caster who are unable to resist it. It can be used once every five minutes. Waterblast deals moderate damage to everyone caught inside the 60 degree, 9 meter long cone of high pressure water it projects. It can also knock the feeble or unprepared off their feet. It can be used once every fifteen minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - There is only so long that a mage can be satisfied drawing upon bits and pieces of true power before they attempt to summon it all at once. Summon Water Elemental gives life to a raging river and directs it to assault your foes with all its might. In addition to its fists that strike with surprising force, the Water Elemental can call forth power blasts of water of its own.

Summon Water Elemental calls forth a semi-sentient chunk of raw water magic. They are large, agile, flowing creations that are neither the toughest nor the hardest to strike of the elementals. But they are able to use the impressive Waterblast spell once each time they are summoned and are capable of striking foes with blows as powerful as a crashing wave. Water Elementals remain summoned for 1 minute and can be summoned once every 5 minutes.

Man-at-Arms

The strength of muscles and might of steel are just as inspiring to some as the mystical elements that make up the world. It can be seen in the focus a young man displays as he swings his weapon again and again and again until his arms ache. It can be found in the moment of courage where a soldier steps in front of his injured comrade and braces his shield.

Commanding Presence

Novice (100 CP) - When a leader steps onto the field, they make themselves known with a strong voice and inspiring words. They lead through example, through reassurance, and even through threats. Their voice is a finely tuned machine and, for some, can even be a focus for their magical talents. Encourage allows the caster to empower one of their allies with a few words, increasing not just their fighting spirit, but their very ability to fight itself. Shrug Pain is similar, but instead focuses on allowing an ally to ignore the pain that plagues them for a few moments.

Encourage increases all of a target's stats significantly for a few moments. This includes not just strength, but reaction speed, situational awareness, agility, and much more. Shrug Pain allows a single ally it temporarily ignore their wounds and continue fighting regardless. Both spells can be used once every two minutes and last thirty seconds.

Adept (+100 CP) - Those who continue to hone the voice as their tool of war find that with practice, they can affect those on both sides of a conflict. After all, their enemies have ears capable of hearing insults and jeers. Taunt is a simple, but effective, shout that modifies itself inside the ear of each enemy who hears it, becoming the most vile and personal insult each of them has ever heard. Most will be unable to keep themselves from turning to charge a person who issues such offense. Rage takes this a step further, issuing forth a string of insults that dive straight to the heart of an enemy. It drives them into the furthest extremes of anger, increasing their strength but heavily reducing their ability to accurately find a target with their weapon.

Taunt causes all foes within an 8 meter radius of the caster to turn and attempt to attack the caster. While the initial magic only lasts a few seconds, the anger it kindles can carry on after it ends. Rage targets a single foe, driving him all but mad with anger. Their strength will be heavily increased, but their accuracy will fall dramatically at the same time. Rage lasts for thirty seconds but can linger in some. Both spells can be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - The pinacle of vocal perfection is the ability to turn the voice itself in a weapon, a war-machine capable of bowling over soldiers by the dozens. Shout is a simple name and a simple spell but no less destructive for it. A cone of wind equal to any hurricane whips out from the caster's mouth, bowling over anyone without firmly planted feet and sending them rolling away. A front line commander equipped with such a voice could make short work of enemy lines.

Shout is a cone-shaped blast of wind that rushes outward and knocks those it meets off their feet. It also deals moderate damage to anyone caught within the 45 degree, 15 foot long cone. This spell can be used once per hour.

Sword and Board

Novice (100 CP) - For others there is simply no place but the front line they wish to be. A sword in one hand, shield in the other, their natural magic turning them into bulwarks against the storm that swirls around them. They will rarely deliver the decisive blow but those who focus all their might on their shield will be the rock against the raging tide of battle. Defensive Stance focuses a warrior entire fighting style on trading offense for defense, deflecting blows at the cost of their own not hitting nearly as hard. Battering Ram turns the shield into a powerful tool for charging across the battlefield, allowing the caster to power their way past even thick lines of enemies to be where they are needed the most.

Defensive Stance focuses the warrior's entire battle strategy towards defense, allowing them to more easily parry blows or direct them towards where armor is the thickest. This does reduce the damage their own strikes deal. It can be toggled on and off with but a thought and will need to be reactivated if the warrior loses consciousness. Battering Ram causes the warrior to charge 15 meters in a straight line, dealing minor damage to any enemies in their path and possibly knocking them over.

Adept (+100 CP) - The shield can do more than simply block or slide blows aside. An inventive mind with a smidgen of talent is capable of doing so much more than simple tricks. Elemental Tortoise infuses the caster with thick weavings of protective magic that dampens any elemental spells that try to harm them. However, the weight of so many shields hampers the caster's ability to move freely. Barbed Wire is a more offensively minded spell that lashes out with the reflected force of any blocked blow, damaging those who fail to damage the caster.

Elemental Tortoise provides the caster with a significant resistance to all elemental magic, but cuts their speed in half while it is active. Barbed Wire deals moderate damage to an opponent when their physical blows are blocked or dodged. Both spells have no limit to the amount of damage they can resist or deliver and remain active for a minute once cast. They can be cast once every five minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - There is, unfortunately, a limit to what a shield and sword can do even in the hands of a master. Enemies will find away past the most powerful defensive magic and the most solid of stances given time, experience, and a little luck. But those who dedicate themselves to defense already know this. Indeed, some eagerly await the moment a blow slips past their guard to sink into their flesh. For that is the moment they can make their foes truly pay. Shackles of Pain directly links an opponent and the caster, forcing them to endure all the damage that the caster would have received without gaining the same benefit in turn. Some warriors take advantage of this in cruel ways.

Shackles of Pain causes a single opponent to take all the damage the caster normally would have. This spell only travels one way and the caster is in no danger from blows striking the target of this spell. It can be cast once every fifteen minutes and lasts for thirty seconds.

Strength of Arms

Novice (100 CP) - Many warriors who lack the charisma to be a true leader or the patience of the defensive strategy end up focusing on the third path. The path of raw destruction and of delivering pain upon all those who stand before them. Power Stance focuses each movement of the warrior's weapon along that path, trading accuracy of blows for raw strength and increased speed. Similarly, Crushing Fist is a simple and brutal spell that damages a foe within reach and slams them to the ground.

Power Stance decreases accuracy by a moderate amount, but provides a moderate increase to both strength and speed while active. Activating and deactivating Power Stance takes but a thought. It will have to be reactivated if the caster loses consciousness. Crushing Fist deal moderate damage to a for within arms reach and stands a good chance of knocking them over at the same time. This spell can be cast once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - Focusing purely on strength is a dangerous line for some warriors. It can be easy to fall into being cruel to foes, savoring pain instead of simply ending the fight when one can. Warriors have to keep this in mind even as they take advantage of such brutal tactics. Crippling Blow revolves around dealing a truly powerful blow to an opponent's weak point, often hobbling a limb in the process. Whirlwind strikes back at foes who think they have a warrior surrounded, the poor bastards. A quick turn and a lashing of steel will quickly teach your enemies you can strike in all directions with impunity.

Crippling Blow deals heavy damage to a target and can either cause the Slow or Stun status effect at the caster's choice. Whirlwind deals a blow from the weapon the caster in hand to all foes within reach. Damage is heavily dependent on what that weapon is. Both spells can be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - In the end, striking the decisive, killing blow is all that truly matters. Ensuring that the life of your foe has ended and now drains out to soak into the soil. After all, only the strong survive. Flurry is the culmination of everything a warrior following the path of strength has learned up until this point. With a surge of magic feeding the muscles, the warrior strikes out with their weapon seven times in the time it normally takes for one. Needless to say, few survive being stuck with such a deadly assault.

Flurry attacks an enemy seven times with the weapon held in hand in the single moment a normal attack would take. Each strike deals the full damage the weapon would normally. The caster can have all these strikes attack the same spot or have them strike from all different angles. This spell can be used once every three minutes.

Pyrokinetic

Of all the schools of magic, the ability to control the ancient foe and tool of man is the second most common used and the most destructive. Its spells draw on the ability of fire to burn anything given time,its ability to spread wildly, and the passion it represents. Few choose to stand against a master of this element for obvious reasons. One who uses these abilities carelessly can do far more harm than even a master Sourcerer.

Burning Man

Novice (100 CP) - For some, the draw of the flames proves entirely irresistible. Like a moth they plunge themselves into pain for the sake of their desires. Those who walk this path of self-destruction without reservation end up dying young and taking a number of people with them. Burn My Eyes begins simply enough by kindling a light behind the eyes, enabling sight even in the darkest environs. But once one lets the spark inside, it is so hard not to take the next step and use that spark. Self-Immolation is a spell learned when young pyrokinetics still have a slight fear of fire. It grants the caster a small amount of resistance to fire while at the same time lighting themselves, everyone nearby, and even the ground itself in a small area, on fire.

Burn My Eyes allows the caster to see in the dark, but not pierce magical darkness, as well as granting a slight bonus to their visual perception. It lasts one minute and can be cast every two minutes. Self-Immolation grants the caster a slight protection against flames while also lighting the caster on fire. The sudden burst of flames damages anyone caught within a 3 meter radius of the caster and causes the ground to burn as well. The spell only lasts for twelve seconds, but can cause a lot of damage in that time. It can be cast once every minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - But just a touch of the flames is never enough. Flesh can heal but the scars remain as reminders that more is possible. All one has to do is just let themselves go a little bit. Smokescreen draws of the adage that where there's smoke, there's fire, and causes a large cloud of smoke to billow outwards, obscuring vision in a wide area. Explode is the moment of ignition, when flames form into reality, using the caster's own body as a catalyst for a massive blast.

Smokescreen causes a 10 meter radius cloud of smoke to spring up, centered on the caster. This cloud blocks vision on all sides and will hang in place for thirty seconds before dissipating as smoke normally would. Explode deals heavy fire damage to the caster and everyone within a 6 meter radius of them. Both spells can be cast once two every minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - But in the end, the pain becomes worth it. The flame prostrates itself before the master and becomes eager and willing to do their bidding. Immolation causes a person to instantly be set ablaze from all directions at once. The flames will resist all attempts to put them out for several moments.

Immolation is a destructive, deadly fire spell. It sets a single target aflame and deals heavy fire damage to them. The flames are resistant to any methods used to put them out for eighteen seconds, but will continue to burn after the magic leaves the fire. This spell can be cast once every ten minutes.

Fever Fire

Novice (100 CP) - Just as there are those who see fire and give in to it's desires, there are those who see a tool to be harnessed. A dangerous tool, yes, but one that can offer unusual benefits if bent and carefully controlled. So naturally the first spells such mages come to learn is Fire Shield. It takes the form of several small balls of fire that float around the mage, absorbing all fire magic that attempts to farm them. However, the shield had no resistance to water magic and will be doused if stuck by such. Wildfire implants a controlled burn into another, speeding them up without harming them in the process.

Fire Shield provides complete protection against Fire based spells and can be kept up continuously by the mage. However, if it is stuck by several such spells or by Ice or Water magic of any kind, the shield will dissipate. The caster will be unable to reactivate the spell for a full minute after that. You may only have one Shield type spell active at a time. Wildfire grants a target the Haste buff, increasing their reaction speed, agility, and dexterity for thirty seconds. It can be cast once every two minutes.

Adept (+100 CP) - Tightly reigned, fire can be a useful ally. It can burn only those it is meant to, destroy only what is intended, without causing undue harm to the innocent. Those who continue to tread down this path discover new ways to wield the careful flame. Purifying Fire is a healing spell that destroys a number of harmful enchantments, but can also be used to knock down Shields. Firefly summons a line of fire, thin but long and capable of being directed by the mage to torch only those who should be harmed.

Purifying Fire can be used on an ally to remove the Frozen, Stun, or Charm status ailments, or on a foe to dispels the Shield spell they have active. It can be cast once every minute. Firefly conjures forth a 1 meter wide strip of fire that can be placed exactly how the caster wishes, within a maximum of a 15 meter long line. The fire will cause light damage to those touched by it but will also light the ground aflame for twelve seconds. This spell can be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - Emboldened with their success at controlling the most difficult of elements, those who walk the careful path eventually learn to let their tool off its leash a little bit. Eager to obey the flames leap and play among the mage's foes without even thinking of attempting to burn their allies. Infectious Flame begins as a simple firebolt that impacts a foe. But from there it bounces wildly, seeking a second foe, then a third, fourth, and fifth in quick succession. Against even a widely spaced group of foes this spell can rapidly turn the tide of battle.

Infectious Flame is a firebolt that streaks towards a target within 15 meters of the caster, dealing moderate damage to them and possibly setting them aflame as well. It will then bounce to a second target within 7 meters of the first. It will strike up to five targets this way. The spell can be cast once every five minutes.

Casting Flame

Novice (100 CP) - Between the path of total abandon and that of tight control is the one of summoning and launching the flame without letting it enter the body. It is the most direct route for the elemental magic to take and one most mages end up choosing. Flare is a simple flaming bolt hurled at foes, while Burning Touch is a short range blast of fire meant to scorch those who get too close to the mage.

Flare shoots a flaming bolt towards a target within 15 meters, dealing moderate damage while also having a slight chance to set them ablaze. Burning Touch deals only light damage to a target within reach of the caster, but has a greater chance of lighting them on fire. Both spells can be cast once per minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - By not succumbing to the temptation of the flame, some mages eventually learn a greater mastery over their chosen element. They learn to summon up steadily larger gouts and blasts until they could stand next to the long-dead Dragon Emperors of empires long since dead. Fireball sends a streaking missile of flames that impacts and explodes in a blast of destructive force. Summon Fire Elemental draws the element itself into being with a spark of intelligence to create a walking force of destruction. While not physically powerful, the heat of it simply existing is enough to light the ground beneath it on fire.

Fireball throws a ball of flames up to 15 meters away. When it impacts something or reached the limit of that distance it explodes and deals heavy damage to anything caught in its 3 meter radius. This spell can be cast once every two minutes. Summon Fire Elemental calls forth a semi-sentient chunk of raw fire magic. They are small, thick, ever-burning creations that float several inches off the ground and set anything nearby alight. They are able to cast the Fireball spell once each time they are summoned. They are not capable of physically striking foes, but burn hot enough that their mere touch can burn flesh black. Fire Elementals remain summoned for 1 minute and can be summoned once every 5 minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - It is whispered that among the greatest of Pyrokinetics there are a select few able to call forth such destruction from the heavens themselves that the Source Hunters hunt down all those who learn the secret. The last bit is nonsense, of course, but those who do eventually learn the spell that calls utter destruction call upon its power rarely. It is the power to lay waste to armies, towns, or entire forests with a simple casting. One has to be careful how one uses such power, for everyone's sake. Meteor Shower is this spell, calling a whole host of burning shards from the sky to rain down upon anyone and anything unlucky enough to be in its path.

Meteor Shower is arguably one of the most destructive spells known to the masters of the arcane arts. It calls down 30 fireballs from the sky that rain down on a 15 foot radius the caster can see. Each fireball falls randomly inside that radius, dealing heavy fire damage to anything caught in the 3 meter radius of its explosion when it lands. Each fireball also causes the land it strikes to continue burning for six seconds after landing. This spell can only be used once per hour.

Scoundrel

Thief, rogue, scoundrel, they are all despicable words slapped onto those with a talent for hugging the shadows and the ability to understand which laws occasionally need to be bent, or broken. But those who cling to the light can never understand the freedom of the shadows. The speed of darkness, the subtlety of an unexpected trap, and the precision of a dagger flashing out of the night are all things only those who have wandered under the shadowed moon can appreciate.

Sneaking

*Those with a Discount in Scoundrel receive **Novice** Sneaking for **Free**.*

Novice (100 CP) - All those who wander in the black shadows have learned the basics of how to blend in and silence their footfalls. It was not a matter of choice or talent, but sheer survival. The fact that you lived where so many others died is proof enough of your grasp on the subject of stealth. Given a shadow to hide in and a moment of distraction, you can render yourself all but invisible to those without magic to aid their eyes. Your footfalls are also quieted to the point it would take truly keen ears to sense your passage, so long as you wear light armor and take care that no trinket you carry rattles.

Adept (300 CP) - And then there are those who take to the night as if they were born with a sliver of it in their soul. Those who seem to keep a bit of the sleeping hours of the world about them at all times. Even without a shadow, those with this talent can still blend themselves in with the surroundings. They can dampen their presence to seem like part of the background if given a halfway plausible disguise. Given a shadowed hallway and a knife in hand, even their victim won't be able to tell which direction the knife strikes from.

Precise Strikes

Novice (100 CP) - Those who greet the night with daggers in hand have learned how and where to strike to derive the most destruction. Thugs and assassins walk this road, dealing death any way they can, so long as it is their knife that tastes the blood. Their innate magic only seeks to amplify this taste for the water of life. Lacerate strikes at the arteries of an enemy, dealing a painful blow that slowly saps them of their life. Incision is a stabbing blow that instead targets the muscles and joints, weakening their ability to strike back significantly.

Lacerate deals moderate damage and causes the target to start Bleeding. Incision also deals moderate damage and inflicts the Weakness status ailment. Both abilities can be used once every minute and deal increased damage if used with a dagger or knife in hand.

Adept (+100 CP) - The difference between a dirty trick and a brilliant strategy is really just which side of the knife you happen to be on. But in the shadows few can truly tell the difference, so those who walk them have learned to strike when and where they can. Eye Gouge is a feign followed up by a slash towards the eyes to blind the foe. Permanent damage is usually avoided due to the natural reaction of people flinching away, but blood in the eyes blinds just as well. Daggers Drawn is a leaping from the shadows, a sudden flurry of lesser thrusts, stabs, and slashes piled on top of each other, ensuring that at least a few blows will slip through.

Eye Gouge deals moderate damage to a foe and has a very high chance to inflict the Blind status ailment. This will almost never result in permanent eye damage, despite the name. Daggers Drawn attacks a foe a dozen times in quick succession, each slash dealing less damage than a full powered strike would, but even the best warrior will have at least a few strikes slip through their guard. Both abilities can be used once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - But the ultimate lesson for those who flash steel in the darkness is that the fight ends. The fight always ends, one way or another. It sometimes comes as the culmination of a dozen small cuts or one decisive strike, but there's no avoiding the final blow. Coup De Grace is that art distilled by careful use of deadly magic and bloody skill. It is a strike to decide struggles and deals more damage to a foe the lower their health is. If they are already near death, this strike is sure to finish off even hardened adventurers.

Coup De Grace deals more damage to a target the lower their health is. If they are fully healed, it does half the damage of a normal strike. Below 50% health, it does twice the damage of a normal strike. If they are below 20% health, it does such extreme damage that it will finish off even powerful foes. This ability won't punch through any special or unique defenses against death on its own. This ability can be used only once per hour.

The Silent Step

Novice (100 CP) - There are those who walk the night without malice in their hearts. Those who keep their blades sheathed and their minds on the task at hand. They are the thieves, the bandits who steal what they must but refuse to draw blood when it can be helped. The escape artists and the true shadows. Shade Walk allows one to become truly invisible for a short time, undetectable by any normal senses. Fast Track takes advantage of the body's natural response to danger, causing one to move and act faster than should be possible.

Shade Walk turns the caster invisible for thirty seconds, rendering them completely undetectable by ordinary senses. Fast Track grants the caster Haste, increasing their movement speed, agility, and reaction time significantly for twenty seconds. Both spells can be cast once every minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - The dark hours bring a hush over the world and few know how to take better advantage of this than those who come awake at dusk. Drawing strength from silence seems like such a simple art, yet it is one rarely sought in the face of the violent world that exists in this age. Winged Feet causes one to step as lightly as any feather. One could hardly be considered to be touching the ground. Slippery ice and clinging tar scattered underfoot will fail to inconvenience and traps will consider the rogue's foot nothing more than a passing breeze. Cloak of Shadow offers a quick escape for those caught out in the open, teleporting them a short distance away after tossing up a rushing cloud of shadows to hide the movement. Foes will grope in the darkness for precious minutes only to find no one inside.

Winged Feet causes the caster to all but hover over off the ground. No matter what the surface is like, they will be sure-footed and take no damage. This spell lasts for thirty seconds and can be cast once every two minutes. Cloak of Shadow throws up a cloud of thick smoke three meters across and then teleports the caster 15 meters away in a direction of their choosing. It can be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - Rumors abound surrounding those who sink themselves into the shadows too deeply. Some say they change and come back looking at the world entirely differently. Others talk about rogues who simply fade into the shadows and remain there, standing between the world of light and dark. Of course, these are merely rumors and nothing more, but like any such talk there is a grain of truth to them. Shade Fade blurs the edges of reality for the caster, allowing blades and spells to slip past without harming them, sometimes at least. As powerful as the spell is, it is far from a perfect defense.

Shade Fade turns the caster partially into shadow for thirty seconds. This makes the caster harder to detect visually and deadens any sound they might make, but also causes 50% of any attacks directed at the caster to miss entirely. This spell can be used once every five minutes.

Baited Trap

Novice (100 CP) - For some, the mind becomes the most important tool in surviving the moonlit hours. The devious tricksters with toys and traps who tinker with gunpowder and even more terrible creations. Venomous Strike coats the caster's weapon with a poison in the same motion as striking, ensuring that opponents pay for letting even a simple scratch slip by their guard. Wind-Up Toy is a simple creation, a clockwork automaton with a large explosive strapped to the back. A touch of magic ensures control of both its movements and the resulting explosion.

Venomous Strike inflicts a short-lived, but virulent, poison along with a weapon strike, dealing moderate damage over twenty-four seconds. It can be cast once every two minutes. Wind-Up Toy summons a small clockwork golem with a large bomb strapped to its back. It only exists for thirty seconds before it explodes violently, dealing moderate damage in a six meter radius. It can be summoned once every five minutes.

Adept (+100 CP) - Hidden in the nooks and crannies of the mind, one can find truly devious thoughts if one goes looking. Cruel, yes, but undoubtedly effective ideas that can be turned into reality. Spike Trap lays a magical trap a short distance away, invisible to all but the caster, that springs to life if a foe walks overtop of it. The group erupts in a flurry of spikes that shoot upwards and hunt for feet to injure. Pin Pull involves turning a grenade or bomb in the caster's possession into one that can be remotely triggered with a snap of the fingers. Just imagine the possibilities.

Spike Trap lays an invisible trigger on the ground. Should any enemies step within two meters of it, spikes spring up in an 8 meter radius, dealing moderate damage to anyone caught inside. It also has a great chance of inflicting the Slow status ailment. The trap lasts up to two minutes, disappearing harmlessly if not triggered. It can be cast once every five minutes. Pin Pull turns any grenade or bomb the caster has on hand into one that can be remotely triggered with a snap of the finger. The grenade or bomb will delay exploding for up to two minutes, but will go off if not triggered in that time. It can be cast once every five minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - Given time and training, the mind can be bent to command even the body, pushing the limits of muscles to their utmost. With the right triggers one can turn the flight or fight response into a switch to be flipped on or off at will. Adrenaline throws the body into overdrive, allowing the caster to act at speeds the body was never meant to maintain for long. Striking multiple blows in a single instant or dashing across entire battlefields in moments are just a few ways those with this ability can prove useful.

Adrenaline allows the caster to act faster than even the Haste buff allows. The caster is capable of striking three times with each swing, moving at triple their normal speed, as well as reacting impossibly fast to the world around them. However, this ability strains the body and deals moderate damage to the caster every six seconds they keep it active. This spell can be flipped on and off in six second intervals for a maximum of five minutes a day.

Witchcraft

Dark magics and curses of all shades spring from the shadowed portion of the mind. Those who have been mistreated, those who have experienced hardships beyond horrifying, and those who crave power above all else invariably find themselves dipping their toes into Sourcery itself. For make no mistake, what lies beyond here is true Sourcery.

Deadly Fingers

Novice (100 CP) - It is the fingers that can hold the knife or slip a poison into drinks. It is to the fingers that those unconcerned with raw power find themselves drawn. Decaying Touch is a simple, but insidious, spell that causes the target to no longer be healed by curative magic or potions, but instead by harmed by them. Though a short lived curse, it should be noted that Rivellon's healing spells are generally potent ones. Vampiric Touch is similar, but more direct in action. Dark magic drains the lifeforce out of the one touched and refreshes the caster in the same moment. Both spells require touching the intended victim.

Decaying Touch causes the target to take damage whenever they are healed by spells or potions equal to what they would have been healed. The curse lasts only twelve seconds and can be cast once every five minutes. Vampiric Touch deals light damage to the person touched and lightly heals the caster too. It can be cast once every minute.

Adept (+100 CP) - Of course, those who concentrate on the magic contained within their fingers soon discover that they can do much more than harm. Drain Willpower is a subtle enchantment that lowers a person's mental resistances quite dramatically without their notice. Which leaves a target vulnerable to a little mental suggestion. Rapture slips into the target's mind and nudges them into desiring to help the caster out. While this works best out of combat where the effects can slowly be built up until the target is a very willing ally, it can temporarily turn a foe in the midst of battle.

Drain Willpower is a subtle spell and is hard to detect even if one is careful. It lowers the target's mental defenses temporarily and is usually meant as a lead-into more dangerous magic. It only lasts thirty seconds, so crafty casters will learn timing. Rapture is a charming spell, capable of turning ferocious foes into allies for twelve seconds in combat, or twisting someone on a more permanent basis if cast repeatedly on a fragile mind. Both spells can be cast once every two minutes and the caster must touch the target.

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Master (+100 CP) - But in the end the power contained within the fingers is a final, destructive one. It can even crush hearts with a gesture or a few penned words. Death Touch is neither subtle nor insidious, but no less destructive. It focuses dark magic on the target touched by the caster into a tight and violent blow. It is whispered that this spell is capable of killing even a Source Hunter outright.

Death Touch uses tightly controlled magic to deliver a precise and devastating blow to whoever the caster lays their palm on. It deals massive crushing damage to the target and has been known to pulp organs on weakened targets. This spell can only be used once every hour and requires the caster's full concentration for six seconds to be cast.

Vocal Manipulator

Novice (100 CP) - For some, the voice becomes the ultimate delivery system for their foul magic. After all, anything the fingers can do, the voice is capable of several times over. For while a finger can entwine a single man around it, a voice can capture and destroy hundreds of hearts. Oath of Desecration is the first word of power these dark mages learn. A simple and effective curse that causes the target to take half again as much damage as they normally would over the next few moments. Lower Resistances is a word and more a vocal blast that rips away the elemental defenses of all the enemies in a short radius around the caster.

Oath of Desecration causes the target to take 50% more damage from any source. Lower Resistances rips away a significant chunk of any elemental resistances from all enemies within 8 meters of the caster. Both spells last thirty seconds, but can only be cast once every ten minutes.

Adept (+100 CP) - As one grows to master the black voice, one learns all kinds of interesting tricks the combination of vocal cords and magic can come up with. Mute steals the voice of a target for several moments, preventing them from casting spells, using scrolls, or simply crying out for help. Rapture slips into the target's mind and nudges them into desiring to help the caster out. While this works best out of combat where the effects can slowly be built up until the target is a very willing ally, it can temporarily turn a foe in the midst of battle.

Mute silences a target's voice for 18 seconds. Rapture is a charming spell, capable of turning ferocious foes into allies for twelve seconds in combat, or twisting someone on a more permanent basis if cast repeatedly on a fragile mind. Both spells can be cast once every two minutes.

Master (+100 CP) - But in the end all come to realize the true power behind the voice. It's not the tone, nor the magic, but knowing how to say just the right thing to utterly destroy a person down to their core. Soulsap does exactly that and crystallizes it into the blackest kind of magic. The target's defenses will crumble, their fortitude flee, and their mental faculties will shut down in the soul's attempt to blot out the horrible truth crashed down onto it. While it doesn't take long for the spell to wear off, it can create that perfect opportunity to strike.

Soulsap weakens the target's mind, body, and soul. Their mental and physical defenses fall dramatically, their bodies grow weak and feeble, and even their ability to absorb damage crumples. Most people under the effect of this spell find it hard to think, let alone defend themselves in any way. This spell lasts for 18 seconds and takes another 12 to fully recover from. It can be cast once per hour.

True Necromancy

Novice (100 CP) - When the people think of Sourcery in Rivellon, they think of the dead rising from their graves and of curses sapping both body and soul. And while that is only part of the true power Sourcery has it is the one that draws so many followers. Malediction is a vile curse that weakens the eyes and body of its target, causing both to wither and fail for just a moment. Summon Undead Warrior calls forth a single skeleton to defend the caster and hunt down their foes. While not particularly durable, this undead's claws leave wide rents in those it attacks that refuse to stop bleeding properly.

Malediction saps a target's strength and accuracy, taking the bite out of the few blows it might be able to strike. The spell lasts for 12 seconds and can be cast once every two minutes. Summon Undead Warrior calls forth a skeletal warrior. While not extremely durable, it is an undead and thus immune to a lot of mental effects, poisons, and diseases. Its claws are infected with a bit of anticoagulant dark magic that will cause wounds left by it to bleed much harder and longer than they should. The Undead Warrior remains summoned for 1 minute and can be summoned once every 5 minutes.

Adept (+100 CP) - Those who toy with devilish powers such as these soon learn to craft capable defenses for themselves or pay the ultimate price. Destroy Summon is straightforward, brutal, and highly effective. It targets the magic holding a summoned creature to this world and blasts it apart, painfully disintegrating it in the process. Invulnerability is the ultimate defensive spell that renders the caster immune to all damage. But such a powerful shield draws on entirely too much mana to be maintained for long.

Destroy Summon does exactly what it says on the tin. It blasts apart summoned creatures by attacking the magic binding them to this world. Those it cannot destroy outright it deals massive damage to. This spell can be cast once every five minutes. Invulnerability is a powerful defensive spell. It will shield the caster from any and all damage that would be dealt to them for the next 12 seconds, but can only be cast once every two hours.

Master (+100 CP) - Those who walk this path come to realize that dark magic can be used for so much more than what the world thinks. There are rituals to be found in the ancient places of this world. Horrible names to be learned that can bind powers all good sense warns one not to tamper with. But even if one only works with what is on hand, one can twist the vile magic into creating truly terrifying creations. Summon Armored Undead Decapitator calls forth a powerful skeletal knight filled to the brim with brutish might and coated in armor equal to any plate set. One dares not ignore a creation like this loosed onto a battlefield.

Summon Armored Undead Decapitator calls forth a skeletal knight clad in full plate and wielding a massively oversized two-handed sword. Between dark magic and the armor his skeleton is as tough as they come and strong enough to bowl people over with his blows. He is quick to react, quicker to strike, and has a commanding presence on the field that few find themselves able to ignore. You may call this summon out even if you already have another summoned creature active. This summon stays active for five minutes at a time and can be cast once every half hour. As a special note, it will take three blasts of Destroy Summon to destroy this creature at full health.

Perks

All Backgrounds get their 100 CP Perk for free, as well as a 50% discount on the rest.

Drop-In

Eye for Distances (100 CP): A lot depends on knowing the distance from yourself to somewhere else. Spells can only reach so far, arrows grow less accurate, and grenades will only fly a little ways before exploding in the air. But now you can skip all of the guesswork that usually goes into such affairs. You can now simply look at an object or person and know exactly how far they are away from you. You can even turn this ability on or off with a mental thought.

Tag Along (200 CP): Wandering a world with no connections, no family, and no home to call your own is a rough spot to find yourself in. People do generally like eating and without money that's hard to do. Thankfully you've picked up a knack for finding interesting people who are willing to put up with you. They might not always be your friends, but they'll share a meal and a bunk if you help out when times get rough. This won't lead you into the path of "main characters" all the time but you might get lucky.

Comeback Kid (400 CP): There's no way to real way to sugar coat this one. You're a right tough bastard. This doesn't have anything to do with your ability to take a punch or luck of any kind. You just simply won't die when you obviously should. Once every ten years, when you would take a blow that would have been lethal, it simply isn't. You'll still feel every ounce of pain you normally would but you'll always be left just this side of the grave. One foot in, one H.P. left, as they say.

Enchanted Pockets (600 CP): Pockets are magical marvels. No, really, it's true! With just a little extra cloth and a few additional stitches it is possible to create a convenient pouch to hold whatever you want! No longer are your hands your only option for transporting goods!

The benefit to this perk are twofold. First, you will find that your pockets can comfortably hold a lot more than they really should. In fact, you can cram as much stuff in there as you can comfortably carry the weight of without it ruining the lines of your dashing adventuring vest. Even better, you'll always be able to reach in there and grab exactly what you're looking for instantly. This effect extends to any backpacks, satchels, belt pouches, purses, or other such accoutrements you happen to be carrying around. Your maximum weight is always the same, no matter how many bags you split it across. And don't worry about your stuff spraying everywhere just because you took off your pants. Your "inventory" will be waiting there for you when you put them back on again. Even if you put on another pair of pants. Or someone else's. It's Magic!

The second benefit to this perk is the ability to purloin the pockets of your allies. Yes, that's right! So long as your ally is within 15 meters of you you can reach into your pocket and pull out anything they happen to have in theirs. Short on cash? Pilfer a little from their wallet in a

snap. Now, to be clear, this only works on your trusted allies as well as your Companions. You can’t merely call someone an ally and expect to be able to rummage around in their purse.

Freelance Adventurer

Friendly Face (100 CP): The common folk have a fairly romanticised idea of Adventurers as a whole. This is mainly due to bards and their stubborn insistence that no Adventurer ever had even one strand of hair that was less than perfect. So a certain level of attractiveness has come to be expected. Of course, that isn't always the case, but for you it is. You are lovely and not just on the inside. The bards won't have to do much lying to their audience where you're concerned.

Nose for Trouble (200 CP): You wouldn't be much of an adventurer if you couldn't tell a good lead from a basic gofer quest. Sometimes a simple request leads to more treasure through sheer chance. Over the years, you've picked up an instinct, a sixth sense, that can all but smell an opportunity for profit. You'll be able to tell, with a quick intake of breath, which of the dozen job postings on the town square's board would lead to the most riches in the end. It works just as well if a person makes a request of you. Of course, it doesn't warn you about the potential dangers that might be waiting along the way, but that's part of the adventure!

Leadership (400 CP): Adventurers aren't Heroes no matter how highly they think of themselves. They sometimes become one during the course of their adventures, but until then they have to be able to rely on the motley crew they gathered. Years of experience, or perhaps a natural flair for such things, allows you to capably lead pretty much anyone who dares put themselves under your command. You'll quickly come to understand each individual's strengths and weaknesses and be able to use them to the best advantage in most situations.

This works best with groups smaller than thirteen, which is an unlucky number, and even better on those who are willing to listen to your orders. On larger or less cooperative groups, expect a little more trouble, but always less than you would normally have.

Lucky Charm (600 CP): Going on adventures is all about walking that fine line between utter stupidity and brilliant planning. How else do you explain willingly facing death traps and deadly monsters on a daily basis except for mild insanity? Thankfully, most Adventurers seem to possess a measure of dumb luck that keeps them from being splattered across the first trap or devoured by orcs minutes after leaving their village. At least the living ones are. But you're still alive, (Aren't you?), so you've got to have it too.

Simply put, you are luckier when you are attempting something risky. The more deadly a task you are undertaking, the luckier you tend to be. And while this won't guarantee success if you rely on it entirely, a little bit of effort on your part is all it takes to make an entire adventure successful.

Sourcerer

Arrogant Fools! (100 CP): Let's face facts. Sourcerers are the villains of the world. They deal in corrupted magic for selfish reasons and routinely use anything and anyone nearby as test subjects. So, you might as well embrace it. You now have an absolutely impressive evil laugh, as well as a talent for slipping into long, rambling monologues explaining your plans, or simply expanding upon how stupid those around you are.

Tenebrium Basics (200 CP): Tenebrium is a odd mineral. It grows like a crystal, but can be melted and forged like iron. It is easily enchanted, but highly resistance to other kinds of magic. In addition, it is highly dangerous and inflicts a disease known simply as Rot upon all those who handle it in any form. Worst of all, Rot cannot be cured by simple magical spells, requiring rare and powerful artifacts to cleanse the infected. Most cannot afford such things and slowly wither over the months following handling a single chunk of crystal. But with this perk, you have come to understand how to safely handle Tenebrium without infecting yourself. [Note 1]

Death Knight (400 CP): Any fool with the faintest touch of Sourcery can summon up an undead to serve them for a few moments, but it takes true skill to craft one that can remain active until destroyed. The ritual involved is not elaborate for skeletons or the walking corpses, a little time, some fresh blood, and a few onyx gemstones. Given a quiet place to study a skilled dark magician could carpet the countryside in undead inside a few years.

But you have learned to take it one step further, stealing or learning from the notes of The Conduit herself. While it will take time and experimentation to unlock their secrets fully you will be well rewarded for the effort. You will be able to create true Death Knights, undead armored in Tenebrium plates and armed with a massive Tenebrium sword. These abominations are virtually indestructible unless one speaks a certain command word to break the enchantments holding it together.

Be forewarned, the enchantment that makes Death Knights an unstoppable force is bound directly to the life force of their creator and creating more than a single one weakens the enchantment overall. Create two and they will merely be nigh unstoppable. A dozen weakens them to merely powerful golems. Several score turns these creations into nothing more than well-armored skeletons. [Note 4]

Blood Stones (600 CP): In addition to the Death Knights, The Conduit has also discovered a method for twisting the Star Stone artifacts that have been found in and around Cyseal. But while she believes they are nothing more than massive reservoirs of magical energy, they are so much more. Shattered bits of the souls of two mighty guardians once appointed to a post by the Seven Gods. But few in this world know of such things. Still, the idea has inspired you.

You have discovered how to seal slivers of your own powers and talents into gemstones. Specifically rubies and garnets. By adding a copious supply of your own blood to a short, but complex, arcane ritual, you can transfer a single Perk you possess into the stone. While it is encased there you may not use it yourself unless you have the gem in hand.

Whoever holds the gem is capable of using the Perk contained inside, though be warned that if it relies on some unusual or normally innate physiology to function properly it could have unintended side-effects. Giving someone the ability to breathe fire doesn't necessarily make their mouth fireproof. Should you wish to undo this ritual, it is as simple as laying your hand on the gem and willing the Perk back into yourself.

These Perks are still bound to you on an intrinsic level and cannot be permanently separated from you. You can give the stone away or have it stolen, but when you leave a world behind you will find the stones have found their way into your Warehouse, or personal effects should you lack one. Oh, and you needn't worry about the stones getting destroyed. While they hold a sliver of your power, they are indestructible. Should these gems be copied in any way, only one can draw upon the Perk at a time. The connection to the power is not duplicated with the gems.

Source Hunter

Air of Trouble (100 CP): There are few people in Rivellon who do not know a Source Hunter on sight, or at least by reputation. The stories and rumors that flow out in their wake run the whole gamut from heroic down to slaughtering entire towns over a suspicion. The fact that most governments give Source Hunters unparallelled freedom from the laws of the lands to pursue their duty only adds to the sense of danger. One you now carry. People will be able to tell, just by looking at you, that you are a dangerous individual. How people react to this can vary widely. You may turn this on and off as you wish.

Nose for Magic (200 CP): Source Hunters are sent out into the world with varying talents. Some are archers, some are warriors, others use Sourcery itself against the evils that lurk in shadows. But all of that is useless if you can't even find a Sourcerer. So the Source Hunter organization ensures that all of its members can do so on a fairly reliable basis.

A mixture of instinct and deductive reasoning allows you to determine if crimes were committed with magic or with more mundane means. You can also apply this to more intense situations, determining if that person flinging fireballs is really a mage or simply an alchemist with delusions of grandeur. Simply put, you have a talent for deductive reasoning specifically geared towards detecting magic and a very reliable instinct to assist.

Bane of Sourcery (400 CP): Source Hunters specialize in hunting down mages, specifically the dark and destructive kind of mages that people tell stories to their children about to get them to behave. Combating such individuals is dangerous at the best of times, but the organization you work for has spent years teaching you the best ways to do it.

When fighting mages or creatures that rely primarily on spellcasting, you will find openings that you would have otherwise missed. Chances to interrupt their spells will crop up and you will find your blows sinking deeper into their flesh than they would normally. To put it bluntly, you are a mage's worst nightmare.

Sense of Destiny (600 CP): As an Order, the Source Hunters are open to pleas of aid from all corners of the world. Simple matters much of the time, but if one digs into the histories overlong, an interesting trend appears. These defenders can be found mentioned in nearly every major conflict or averted disaster one can find recorded even before their official founding. Whenever the world is threatening to end or a kingdom on the edge of civil war egged on by a wicked mage, they always find a way to stumble into the mess and save the day.

You now carry with you a strong sense of knowing where you are needed to affect great change in the world around you. Destiny, Fate, Luck, call it what you will, but when the world is in trouble you will be drawn into the fray. What you do from there is strictly up to you. Also, you will discover that the legend about great heroes only dying when pursuing grand deeds to be more than a fairy tale. When you are not in pursuit of some world-changing adventure, you will find you are much harder to permanently put down. Mortal wounds tend to become merely life-threatening and fate generally conspires to keep you alive for when it really needs you.

Talents

All Talents cost **100 CP**. *You may take* **1** *for* **Free!**

Arrow Recovery: Normally enchanted arrows in Rivellon are flimsy things. Fire them once and they're used up. But you have a knack for finding replacements among your foe's belongings once they are defeated. A very narrow, but entirely useful, bit of luck.

Bully: You've got a mean face that makes you look constantly grumpy. Whether or not that actually is the case. On the upside, it's easier to intimidate people now.

Courageous: Whether you're brave or just too stupid to know better, you'll find yourself highly resistant to fear. Magical or otherwise it just has a much harder time gripping your heart.

Demon: Somewhere along the line one of your ancestors got a little freaky with a Fire elemental. You take slightly less damage from fire magic of all stripes.

Escapist: You must have won every single game of hide and seek as a kid. You tend to fade into the shadows when you need to hide, making it easier to remain unseen.

Headstrong: There's no stopping you. You're a shooting star leaping through the sky! Spells have a much harder time inflicting the Frozen, Stunned, or Petrified status ailments on you.

Ice King: You may have played a little too long with the Ice Faeries as a child. You take slightly less damage from ice and cold magic.

Iron Hide: You sure can take a punch… and a sword. You have a slight, natural resistance to physical attacks of all stripes.

Light Stepper: One too many arrow traps caught you unaware in the past. Now you keep your eyes peeled for them and have an easier time spotting traps.

Lightning Rod: An Air Elemental saved one of your ancestors from falling off a cliff. The rest is lost to the legends. You have a slight resistance to electricity magic of all stripes.

Pack Mule: Hey, buddy, hold this for me will you? A life spent lugging around other people's stuff has left you capable of carrying twice as much as you normally could.

Parry Master: You're quite defensive, aren't you? You gain a moderate boost to your reflexes when it comes to blocking incoming blows.

Pet Pal: A minor magical talent that crops up here and there. You can talk to and understand animals as easily as you can other people. Which is more useful than it sounds. In Rivellon, the animals are quite a bit smarter than you would expect. Even the little mice might have some surprisingly useful tidbits if you stop for a chat and share a crumb of cheese. This might be less useful in other worlds with less intelligent animals.

Picture of Health: You never took a sick day in your life. You're a little bit tougher than most and can shrug off diseases easier.

Pinpoint: All those hours spent skipping stones seems to have paid off. When tossing grenades, or other similar objects, you can place them precisely where you want to every time.

Sidestep: Sticks and stones may break your bones, so best get out of the way. You gain a moderate boost to your reflexes when it comes to evading incoming blows.

Sidewinder: They've got you surrounded again! The poor bastards. You can fight three enemies just as easily as you can one, even if two are behind you.

Swift Footed: Who says you can't run away from your problems? You're quick on your feet and could give a trained sprinter a good chase.

Thick Skin: Just don't ask. Nobody likes telling that story anyways. You gain a slight resistance to earth spells of all stripes.

What a Rush: You've still got one hit point left. It's time to make the bastards pay. When you are critically injured you gain the effects of the Scoundrel spell Fast Track for thirty seconds.

Weatherproof: Your great grandmother was blessed by a water spirit. Or so the stories go. You gain a slight resistance to water spells of all stripes.

Companions

Two for the Road (100 CP)

Travelling the roads of Rivellon alone is not the most pleasant affair. Maybe you'd like a couple of friends along for the ride. This option allows you import two of your current Companions into the world. You can also use this option to make new Companions for yourself if you'd like. Or mix and match with one old and one new. New Companions created or imported this way will be generally loyal and of a race, background, and class of your choice, with all the freebies associated with those choices, as well as 300 CP to spend as they wish.

Full Party (100 CP / 300 CP)

Looks like you've already got some stalwart friends and close allies in mind for your adventures here. Well, not to worry. By paying **100 CP**, this option will allow you to bring up to eight of your Companions into Rivellon with you. They will each be given a race, background, and class of their choice along with all the associated freebies. Should you desire to hand off a little more, by instead paying **300 CP** you can give each of them 400 CP of their very own to spend as they wish. As with the option above, you can use either price point to create new Companions for yourself.

Full Partner (100 CP) [Limit 1]

Perhaps you travel light when it comes to your friends and allies. Or maybe you prefer the company of one friend you can count on until the end. By purchasing this option, you may import a single Companion or create a new one if you would prefer. They will gain a race, background, and class of your choice, all the freebies along the way, and 900 CP to spend as they wish. Companions created with this option will be exceptionally loyal, even if your personalities may seem to be at odds with each other.

Madora the Vengeful Knight (200 CP)

The two of you met in the local Pickaxe Tavern, where she spent a good drunken hour or so ranting about her dislike for magic and Sourcerers. This interaction may or may not have been very awkward, considering your own drunkenness, and depending on your history thus far. You have, however unlikely this feat may be, persuaded her to accompany you on your travels. She'll join you as an experienced knight and an ex-Source Hunter, having retired for her own reasons.

Madora comes with the complete **Bodybuilding**, **Armor**, and **Two-Handed** skill trees. She also comes with the **Courageous**, **Headstrong**, and **What a Rush** talents. She will already know the **Novice** and **Adept** levels of the **Strength of Arms** spells from **Man-at-Arms**, and will likely come to learn the Master rank as well. Finally, her time as a Source Hunter has gifted her with the **Air of Trouble** and **Bane of Sourcery** perks.

Jahan the Immortal Warlock (200 CP)

Even though he is coming up on a thousand years of age, this Wizard may very well be less talented in arcane matters than you. He is gruff and impatient for a near-immortal with a hatred for demons that knows no bounds. He is currently burdened with a terrible debt to a rather powerful individual. But he will recognize the power and abilities you possess. He will offer his loyalty should you help relieve the world of the demon who owns his debt.

Jahan may not have a talent for magical arts, but he has learned them anyways. He begins with **Novice** level knowledge in **All Three** schools of **Aerotheurge**, as well as **Novice** level knowledge in both **Bond of Blood** and **Flowing River** schools from **Hydrosophist**. He also is taught himself **Blacksmithing, Crafting,** and **Loremaster**, all at the **Novice** level. His natural charisma also grants him the effect of the **Arrogant Fools!** Perk.

Bairdotr the Wild Woman (200 CP)

Being completely maladjusted for dealing with the social norms of the Northern Kingdoms is a plight faced by many of the more adventurous Rangers from the Southern Peaks. This is doubly true for this young woman. Before coming to Cyseal she was raised by a bear, and clearly some of her bear-like sensibilities is responsible for her biting a guard on the cheek. Which finds her jailed in the cell you met her. She has pledged herself to your service in exchange for the freedom you have just secured for her, though thoughts of her past weigh heavily on her mind.

Despite being raised by a bear, someone has clearly taught her how to use a bow quite well. She is already an **Adept** with the **Bow** skill. And her willful nature has granted her **Willpower** at the **Adept** rank despite her naivety to the civilized world. Her survivalist training also grants her the use of **Novice** level abilities from **All Three** schools of **Expert Marksman**. She also has the **Arrow Recovery** and **Bully** talents. Strangely, she is also immune to Tenebrium, like the **Tenebrium Basics** perk, but has no idea how to actually use the metal.

Wolgraff the Silent Thief (200 CP)

A most unfortunate Rogue, Wolgraff was a victim of a Sourcerous attack as a boy. This attack has left him mute. He applied to be a Source Hunter but was refused because of his infirmity. Perhaps because of his poor fortune he refuses to steal from the poor and disadvantaged. His life of silence appears to have left him acutely aware of how to remain unnoticed, but he still dreams of being a hero. Just give him that chance and he will be all too happy to add his skills to whatever task you have on hand.

Wolgraff, despite his lack of voice, has had a lifetime worth of training in the silent arts. He is an **Adept** at **Sneaking**, as well as **Dual Wielding** his daggers, and is an **Adept** at both the **Precise Strikes** and **The Silent Step** schools of **Scoundrel**. He also has the **Escapist**, **Light Stepper**, **Sidestep**, and **Swift Footed** talents. He has somehow learned the **Nose for Magic** and **Nose for Trouble** perks on his own. Likely as a result of his hard life.

Items

*Backgrounds and Classes receive a **50% Discount** on their tree.*
*Items costing less than **100 CP** are **Free.***

Drop-In

The Codex of Pestilential Thought (100 CP): A small, leatherbound book written by a tight, cramped hand in a stylish cursive. The pages inside contain a number of seemingly unconnected fables and stories. Each seems to have a lesson or message it is trying to convey in its telling, but none of them quite manage it by the end of the tale. One could spend quite a bit of time searching these words for deeper meanings. Though it is said the few who have attempted to unlock all the secrets of this tome have gone mad in the attempt. Maybe just enjoy the stories and not dig in too deeply.

Sacks of Essences (200 CP): These five head sized burlap sacks are extremely light despite the fact they look to be filled to bursting and each emits a faint light from the seams, a different color coming from each. A fiery red, a gentle blue, a brilliant white, a somber brown, and… is that fifth one emitting shadows?

Small balls of solidified elemental essences are not a rare commodity in Rivellon and have a huge variety of uses in everything from specialized grenades to magical arrow heads to even aiding in enchanting arms and armor. Each sack contains five balls of each element and the sacks refill themselves every week. What use you put these concentrated bits of elemental magic is limited only by your imagination and experimentation. Just don't get opposing elements too close to each other. The result is fairly explosive, doubly so if you are enchanting at the time.

Teleporter Pyramids (400 CP): Where did you even find these? One was lost to time itself and the other has spent untold ages as a paper weight. One pyramid is made from a palm-sized sapphire, while the other a similarly sized ruby. Both are etched with designs and runes as old as time itself and twice as mystical.

The Teleporter Pyramids are a pair of magical devices enchanted with a powerful teleportation spell. All one has to do is tap one of the devices to instantly be whisked away to the location of the other. The enchantment on these pyramids is not a simple one and has been crafted to ensure that the bearer always comes through the teleport safely. One will never have to worry about splicing into objects, other people, or even bathtubs. It will always drop you as close to its partner pyramid as it safely can. Of course, should the partner be stuck somewhere entirely hazardous with no safe spot in sight, like the end of time, the enchantment will simply fail to activate rather than send you.

As an added bonus, this pair has no range limitations. So long as one exists on the same dimension as the other they can always find their way.

Arhu SparkMaster 5000 (600 CP): Don't listen to those people who call this marvelous machine a "failed experiment". It didn't fail. It just became a little self-aware. But don't worry! We've included the remote, an instruction manual, and made sure it knows that you're the one in charge. Just… don't let any of your pets get too close. It's a little territorial.

The Arhu SparkMaster 5000 is an arcane creation of wood and steel and bone. It stands eighteen feet high on two thick, chicken-like legs connected to an arcane engine of Arhu's own creation. Each of its two massive arms end in three powerful claws capable of crushing a man's ribcage. Their reach is long enough to drag on the ground as it walks as well. A skeleton clad in green clothing and red-glass goggles sits atop the creation, held in place by magic and the stubborn determination normally found in the undead. The undead is the control unit for the creation with a lovely mad cackle.

The automaton was created as a weapon of war, originally designed to defend Cyseal from the various threats that now surround it. Beyond its magically enhanced strength and durability, the SparkMaster 5000 comes equipped with a powerful flamethrower fitted to its front. And yes, it can melt steel beams! Well, eventually. It can also be charged with electricity to activate its signature ability. Given a little kickstart, the Sparkmaster 5000 can then generate and launch bolts of lightning equal to anything to come crashing out of the heavens. [Note 5]

Adventurer

Nurrid Ovrur's Never-Empty Beer Mug (100 CP): What? You've never heard of Nurrid Ovrur? He was the best brewmaster in all of Rivellon! Even the elves would put down their fancy wines to taste his elixirs. They were so good that it is said he stopped a civil war by uncorking some of his best for the leaders of each side and drinking both of them under the table. In appreciation for Nurrid's absolute mastery of the art, an elven sorcerer named Celahir blessed one of his mugs to never empty again. And now you have that mug. Of the best beer Nurrid ever crafted. Enjoy responsibly and remember to never ride drunk, even if the horse does know the way.

Grenade Bandoleer (200 CP): This simple leather strap is meant to be worn around the chest to allow for easy access of high explosives during intense situations. It has hooks and loops to hold a dozen grenades at once and is always extremely comfortable to wear. The Bandoleer always starts each morning filled with twelve simple, but effective, fragmentation grenades made out of a canister, a lot of nails, and as much gunpowder as possible. However, it is possible to "tune" each grenade to an element by exposing the explosive to a bit of magic. Shock the device with a small amount of electricity magic and when you pull the pin it will explode with the force of a lightning storm instead of nails. You can even get creative, exposing it to the power of love will give the grenade a charming effect instead of a violent one. Experiment at your own peril, as you might not always get the effect you are expecting when you dip into more exotic elements.

Potion Sack (400 CP): Any adventurer worth their salt knows to hope for the best but expect the worst. This small backpack filled with potion vials is surprisingly light considering just how many potions are crammed inside. Even better, the potion you're looking for all but leaps into your hand when you reach inside.

The small backpack contains a variety of healing potions in minor, medium, and major strengths, as well as a selection of anti-venoms and poison antidotes. In addition there are elemental resistance potions that allow the imbiber to withstand impressive amounts of magic for a short time. There are ten of each potion inside the bag, as it was made with an adventurer's lifestyle in mind, and will refill itself in a week. It is also impossible to lose and will turn up in very improbable places if accidently lost or left behind.

The Pickaxe Tavern (600 CP): At the end of a long adventure, nothing is worth more than a hot meal and a cold drink shared with your friends. And in most parts of this world, along with many others, that means a tavern.

The Pickaxe Tavern is a comfortable place fashioned out of warm, worn wood and vivid wall tapestries. It is a large place, meant to hold fifty individuals on the ground floor with several smaller private rooms up above. The seats and stools are all comfortable and sturdy despite looking like they have seen a bar brawl or three. The hearth dominates one side of the room and will easily spread cheery warmth during the colder seasons.

Staffing this tavern is a collection of busty wenches who are vicious flirts but nothing more, a stern-faced barman more than equipped to take down a few rowdies on his own, and a massive mountain of a man who doubles as chef and bouncer for when things really get out of hand. They're all friendly enough and will always be drawn from the locals of whatever world you happen to find yourself in.

The tavern itself will follow you from world to world, always stocked with a wide assortment of alcohol and rough, but filling, food. You may place it into a world by setting down a full mug of ale in an empty space large enough to accommodate it, or you may attach it to your Cosmic Warehouse instead. If connected to your Warehouse, only the barman and chef will be recruited to serve there.

Interestingly, The Pickaxe Tavern has a unique trait other than busty wenches when placed in a world. It seems to attract fellow adventurers more than common citizens. Those who search for adventure, treasure, danger, and thrills will inexplicably be drawn to The Pickaxe. No one will find anything odd about this and you may see more than just heroes mixed into the crowd in other worlds, but don't worry, the barkeeper will keep everyone in line.

Sourcerer

Box of Bones (100 CP): A simple wooden box stuffed to overflowing with human bones long since stripped of anything resembling flesh. There's skulls and femurs and spines and hundreds of those little tiny bones in the hands all jumbled together with absolutely no sense of order. Still, it is pretty convenient not to have to raid the nearest graveyard every time you want to make a few skeletal servants. Contains enough bones to complete six human skeletons and restocks itself when parts are lost or destroyed.

Scroll Case (200 CP): This rather ordinary looking scroll case is a useful device for any magician on the go. It can store an infinite number of magical scrolls and if you tell it which one you are looking for the enchantment will find you exactly which scroll you are looking for at a moment's notice. Even more amazing is that it will slowly generate a random assortment of scrolls over time at a rate of two scrolls per three days. These scrolls will contain a random spell found in the Aerotheurge, Geomancer, Hydrosophist, Pyrokinetic, or Witchcraft schools of magic, though it will tend to generate far fewer Witchcraft scrolls. These scrolls are all a single-use but they require no magical talent on the part of the wielder to activate them.

Potted Stardust (400 CP): The Stardust plant is a hardy, quick growing flower with peachy-red colored petals standing up on spindly stalks with large, wide fern-like leaves growing from the base. It is highly sought after by women who use the golden dust that clings to its flower petals to enhance their beauty, but that is only the least of its uses. The golden dust is highly magical and can be easily used for crafting a variety of magical items. Everything from magical swords to voodoo dolls can be created with a pouch full of this stuff. The flower in this pot will generate one small pouch of dust every few days and will never need tending to. Should it be killed, a fresh pot will appear in your proximity within a week.

Tenebrium Mine (600 CP): Tenebrium is an utterly useful material, for all that it is also incredibly dangerous to handle. Still, considering all its uses, one can hardly be blamed for desiring to have a steady supply of the crystal on hand.

The Tenebrium Mine attaches directly to your Cosmic Warehouse and takes the form of a traditional mining tunnel about a hundred feet deep. Inside one will find a few dozen crystals of Tenebrium growing, each large enough to produce a single ingot when smelted. Once harvested new crystals will slowly grow in their place over the course of a week. The mine is also capable of producing other metals, crystals, and even gemstones if given a sample of such material. These will form in veins along the walls of the tunnel, but grow much more slowly. Exotic metals will form at a rate of one ingot every two weeks and crystals will produce roughly the same amount. Gemstones seem to be easier and the mine will produce a collection of small stones that will fill a cupped hand in a week. Normal metals, like gold and silver, can also be produced at a rate of one ingot per week.

An ingot here refers to enough material to forge a traditional longsword with.

Source Hunter

Powerful Symbol (100 CP): The sign of the Source Hunters is a powerful tool all on its own. Even without the impressive aura that surrounds each member of the organization, just seeing the mark can inspire fear and awe in those who witness it. By buying one yourself, you can tap into that mystique. This symbol, embroidered onto a tabard, will strike all who see it with the merest fraction of your legend, whatever that may be.

Portable Workshop (200 CP): Being constantly on the move, Source Hunters are forced to find ways to ensure they have the tools of their craft even when far from their headquarters. This set of three small, metal charms are relics of an age past that were confiscated and put to better use. By pulling one off the chain that binds them, an easy act when one actually desires it, the holder can have what they require. Place the charm on the ground and a Forge springs into existence, hot and ready to be used. Or a campfire crackling cheerfully and ready to warm the air. The final charm is a Workbench, which includes a grinding wheel and all the small tools a budding alchemist might need to construct grenades, arrows, or even the smaller magical charms. By touching the small symbol etched into each, they will revert back to their charm form and hop back onto the chain in an instant. Should you accidently lose one or be forced to leave one behind, it will reappear on the chain at the next full moon.

Bag of Junk (400 CP): A large sack that seemed filled with the oddest assortment of trash and rubbish you've ever seen. There's a bottle of mud that seems to swirl inside its jar no matter how hard you shake it or how long you leave it to rest on a shelf. There's an amulet of battered tin in the shake on a buffalo. There's a shrivelled old heart that somehow is still weakly beating and warm to the touch. There's even an old sabre in here, rusted and chipped and all but falling apart. Seriously, what is all this even good for? [Note 6]

At The End of Time (600 CP): The Sanctuary was once home to the pair of god-blessed humans who were appointed guardians over the box that kept darkness from this world. With no interference, they will soon rediscover it and slowly begin gaining access to the variety of rooms it houses. But due to a wrinkle in time, space, or perhaps simply in response to your own special nature, a copy of that magical space seems to have sprung into existence. Not a perfect copy with bound elementals and a Tapestry of Time, mind, but similar enough to service as a fine base in the space between worlds.

The Second Sanctuary can be accessed through a small magical emerald in the shape of a pyramid. Tapping it will teleport you directly to the dining hall. Tapping it once inside will teleport you back to exactly where you were when you came in.

The Second Sanctuary will be surrounded on all sides by empty space, with stars sprinkling the blackness off in the far distance. This is merely an illusion as the rooms occupy a pocket dimension and are not actually situated in outer space. If you desire, you can set the view to that of appearing to float amidst a certain solar system you have already encountered.

It contains two plush bedrooms, each with a queen-sized four-post bed, desk, a chair, several chests, and a wardrobe, everything crafted from wood and comfortable red fabrics. In addition there is a small dining hall set off to one side in the midst of a well-tended garden. The table will feed anyone who sits down at it with simple, but filling, food and drink. The Second Sanctuary also comes equipped with a large, but currently empty, library and a workshop that includes a classic forge, tools and all.

Don't be surprised to if you find a tall Elf wandering the library or relaxing at the feasting table. He dresses as loudly as a rainbow on several kinds of narcotics and is a little too friendly when it comes to invading personal space, but he's worth listening to. When he does stop by, his pockets, packs, and spaceship (How do you think he got here? Flapping his arms?) will be simply packed to the gills with magical weapons, enchanted armor, mysterious trinkets, and mystic essences brought with him from Rivellon proper. His stock tends to very wildly with each visit, but he'll usually have at least a few eye-catching artifacts. Who know what he might find in his travels through the multiverse? You might be surprised just what he can get his fingers on. Just don't expect him to sell anything for less than it's truly worth. He's too cunning for that.

And yes, his name is Jack. How did you guess?

Undiscounted

An Undead Foot? (200 CP): Okay, admittedly this is a little gross. It's a severed foot that has been hacked off at the ankle. It's pretty badly decayed and smells horrible to boot. But it carries a useful and powerful enchantment capable of summoning the mighty Headless Nick three times per day for five minutes at a time.

Headless Nick is not only a charming entertainer with a personality capable of winning over the most determined grouch, he's quite the combatant as well. Being dead allows him to ignore all but the most serious of blows to his person and the magic that keeps him animated gives him a surprising amount of strength. Just don't expect him to win any beauty contests.

Drawbacks

*You may take as many Drawbacks as you wish, but may only gain **1000 CP** from them.*

Grenade Maniac (+100 CP)

Rivellon's take on the classic grenade involves shoving magic, nails, or pretty much anything into a tube of gunpowder and hucking it at their enemies. Which, as it turns out, is a great way to create grenades with a wide variety of effects. It's a fascinating topic to explore, one you seem to have taken a little bit too much interest in. You now have an appetite for explosions that borders on obsession. Even if you cannot craft them, you will buy a merchant's entire stock and use them relentless in battle. Much to the annoyance to your friends and allies you frequently catch inside the blast radius. You will even pass up more tactically sound options if a chance to lob a few grenades is even remotely possible.

I'd suggest investing in some earplugs.

Politician (+100 CP)

It seems that at some point in the past you held a political office somewhere in Rivellon. Good for you. Unfortunately, the constant lies and narrow-minded thinking required to be a successful politician seems to have left you a little… well… dumb. Some of your brain cells seem to have shorted out under the stress and you're not nearly as bright as you once were. You're still together enough to make it through daily life, of course, just don't expect to solve any complicated math problems while you're here. And try not to eat too much paste.

Stench (+100 CP)

Look, it's a medieval society, so people are going to smell to a certain degree. It's an unpleasant fact of life. But even the lowest peasant bathes at least once a month, whether it's needed or not, even if that bath merely constitutes standing outside in the rain. You, however, have taken dirt to an extreme that even the dirtiest bums dare not. You are, to be blunt, filthy and will remain so for your entire time in Rivellon. Water will not clean you, perks will do nothing to blunt the stink coming off you in almost visible waves, and even magic will fail to dislodge even the smallest bit of dirt from under your fingernails.

Flowery Speeches (+100 CP)

Did you get a thesaurus for Ever Winter Night this year? Or eat one as a child? Whenever you open your mouth, you seem utterly incapable of getting to the point. You'll use a five syllable word when one will do and use three sentences to say two words. Even in moments of crisis or danger, you'll never be able to spit out less than half a dozen eloquent words of warning. Thankfully this doesn't extend to your spells. I sure hope your Companions are tolerant of your newfound appreciation for fanciful prose.

Lone Wolf (+200 CP / +400 CP)

There is a darkness lurking between the seconds of this world, in the empty space between the stars, and in the gaps of this universe's history. It is spreading, devouring, destroying everything that it touches, though few know of such things at the moment. But this presence has felt your arrival in this world and took a bite of your power for itself.

Taken once, this Drawback reduces the number of Active Companions you may have in half, leaving you with four slots. Taken a second time, the number is cut in half again, down to two. This extends to any new Companions you may make or meet during your time here, as well as your existing ones.

Plot Bound (+200 CP)

There is much more going on in the town of Cyseal than meets the eye. An Orc invasion, a cult of Sourcerers, and undead running amok are the least this town, indeed all of Rivellon, should be worried about. The Tapestry of Time is being unwoven by a dreadful darkness, which would mean an end to the past, the present, and the future. But two Source Hunters will shortly arrive in Cyseal. They will be instrumental in stopping some, if not all, of the terrible deeds going on in this part of the world.

And now fate itself has decided you are necessary as well. Try as you might to avoid it, you will inevitably find yourself drawn into the company of the Source Hunters. Even should you attempt to simply walk away from the whole affair you will find yourself back in Cyseal time and time again. Perhaps it would be better to help rather than try to fight fate.

As a final caveat, should the two Source Hunters fall before their duty to fate, the Tapestry, and time itself be completed, you will be forced to pick up the mantle. It will fall to you to save this world from the darkness hidden between its seconds. Should you fail to do so, well, I hope you enjoy spending the rest of your decade in the vacuum of space. Assuming you survive what is coming, that is.

Glass Cannon (+200 CP)

Some people are just born with frail constitutions. A sickness as a child may have ruined it permanently or perhaps a curse from a travelling Sourcerer lingers still. Of course, it could just be that they have always been that way and learn to live with it. You are one of these poor, sickly, individuals now.

For the duration of your stay in Rivellon, you will find yourself plagued with poisons, diseases, common colds, and all manner of other illnesses no matter what kind of inhuman biology you have going on under the surface. Your weakened condition also extends onto the battlefield, ruining your ability to take blows to a substantial degree.

Know-It-All (+200 CP)

It's hard to tell if you got smarter or if the rest of the world just dosed up on the stupid pills extra hard. Everyone around you, Companions, friends, allies, enemies, and even a few particularly talkative wells, just seem so insufferably ignorant that you can't help but set them on the right path with your wisdom. Sure, some might find this annoying, there is bliss in ignorance after all, but you are undoubtedly doing all of Rivellon a favor. You are so much smarter than them after all. Hiding your genius behind a mask of silence would just be an unforgivable sin. So go out into the world, share you unparallelled intellect, and try to watch out for flying stones. That peculiar weather phenomenon seems to follow you around for some reason.

Zombie (+400 CP) [Cannot be taken with Glass Cannon]

Look, Jumper, you're going to find out sooner or later so I'll be blunt and give it to you straight. You died. Dead as a doornail. Flatlined. Worm food. Pushing up daisies. Oh, but don't worry, you got better. Kind of.

You're one of the rare walking dead that managed to hang onto their personality and intellect despite the lack of a heartbeat, flowing blood, or any of those other bodily needs you've grown so used to. How exactly you pulled this off without being immediately struck down as a Sourcerer's experiment gone wrong will remain a mystery, but you've done it. Source Hunters will recognize you as one of those rare exceptions of evil working for the greater good… mostly. Just steer clear of the zealots and you'll be okay.

This state of undead comes with a few perks, but many drawbacks. Firstly, you're entirely dead, which means you no longer need to sleep, eat, breathe, and that you're immune to pretty much all poisons and diseases. In fact, poisons and diseases now heal you. Which is good for you but bad for anyone else nearby as you'll tend to infect them with whatever contagions you're carrying. Lastly, you are extremely durable and it would take an extreme amount of damage to take you down permanently. And that's where the good sides end and the drawbacks begin. You might want to sit down for this.

Healing magic of any kind no longer works on you. At all. You cannot even be resurrected should the worst happen. You're just too far gone for that to even be an option no matter how inventive you get. And yes, that includes 1-ups. Additionally, your natural healing factor and various regeneration abilities no longer work, which is a problem seeing as how your ability to detect pain is all but destroyed. You will also take extra damage from fire of any kind and ice magic will slow you down much further than it would before. Finally, while the Source Hunters might have given you a pass, the rest of the world won't be so forgiving. It's going to be pretty obvious that you're not one of the living and most people get a little freaked out by that. So you might want to invest in a few disguises and a mask of some kind before you try buying that potion you had your eye on.

Put it back in your head first. That's gross.

Animal Hero (+400 CP) [Requires: Pet Pal]

The animals are Rivellon are, for the most part, not the simple beasts found in other worlds. Cats and dogs are still kept as pets and cows are still kept for their milk and meat, but that is not the end of their existence. As you well know, one with the correct magical talent can talk with all members of the animal kingdom, from the smallest mouse to the largest steer. And, surprisingly, they are decent conversationalists who are more than happy to talk with a person who can actually understand them for once. Gossip, tidbits of information, even hints about hidden treasures and secret passages can easily be coaxed out of those animals who have it to offer.

In you, they sense a kindred soul, a kind, helpful person so eager to help the various animals out with their problems that they cannot stop themselves from asking you for help. And, of course, you cannot say no. Often it will be something simple. A bowl of cream for the cat of a stingy owner. A sliver of cheese to help feed a mouse's family through the winter. But some of the requests will be far from simple.

A dog might ask you to help him find the one who murdered his master, which spirals into a quest that leads right into the heart of the nearby Sourcerer cult. A cat requests your assistance to woo the feline belonging to the mayor and only a gem-studded collar with do, which is not a cheap or easily found accessory. And every single time, you will find yourself unable to turn them down. Each request you stumble across must be fulfilled or else you will be struck with a sense of guilt strong enough to derail any enjoyment you take from life. Even if you avoid the animals, they will seek you out, your legend as a Helpful Human spreading.

Reincarnated (+600 CP) [Requires: At least 5 Jumps already taken]

Like the Heroes of Time themselves, you have been reincarnated into this world from what you once were. Your powers and memories have been shattered into dozens, if not hundreds, of Star Stones that have been scattered across the land of Rivellon. Sadly, none of them fell near Cyseal, so you'll have to do some exploring after you get out of the current messes you're in the middle of. There will be three Star Stones for every Jump you have completed. Touching one will imbue a portion of the powers and memories from your time there. Expect memories to be fragmented and powers to be weakened until you find all three of a set. Also expect sets to land significant distances apart.

People who find the stones will be able to draw on some of the powers that Star Stone holds, though most will do so inexpertly. This is guaranteed to catch the attention of the Source Hunters as well as most Sourcerers. Except to deal with both if you want to collect all of yourself again. This also impacts any Companions you bring into this world, though the Weaver of Fate is kind enough to see to it that you will all find each other quickly. Excuses will be made for the lot of you to travel together, either as fast friends, unlikely allies, or anything in between. Your personalities may make this process… interesting, but you will all find reasons to stick together.

To be clear, this is a power-loss and amnesia drawback that you can eventually overcome by gathering all the Star Stones linked to yourself. Should it take you more than ten years to find all of them, you will be forced to stay until you finish. Thankfully, there is no known way to destroy a Star Stone, though Sourcerers can corrupt them. Might want to hurry. That could be trouble.

The Clock Ticks Down

Time continues its march forwards even in a world that cares more about days than hours. Soon enough, it is all done. There is no more sand left in the hourglass. You have made your mark on the Tapestry of Fate of this world. Whether you let it unwind entirely, left it filled with holes and the future uncertain, or if you put took up a needle and thread to patch it yourself, the evidence is in the fabric.

The weight of your choices thus far fall away, Drawbacks slipping back into the void between seconds that they arose from.

There is one last choice to make. The same choice as always.

“The future holds only darkness.”

You’ve grown tired of wandering other worlds. Your reasons are unimportant. The choice has been made. You will be heading back to your home universe with everything you have gained on this journey.

“The Tapestry of Fate lights the path forward.”

Whether you leave this world with a smile on your lips, a tear in your eye, or a curse flowing off your tongue, you are done with this place. But it is not the last adventure for you by any means. You are off to another world by whatever method you have at your disposal.

“I find myself tangled in the threads of Fate.”

This world, dangerous and violent and suffused with magic, has become home. Perhaps you filled it with family or friends, or maybe you made a larger impact on the world and are loathe to leave it behind. You have chosen to stay, to stop wandering, and make this world the one in which you call home.

Notes:

1. Tenebrium is really odd stuff, but useful. Coating weapons in it allows them to hold a keener edge and spread Rot with every strike. Creating armor with it results in a metal stronger than steel with an inherent resistance to magical energies, while also being able to hold tons of enchantments, though wearing such armor will inflict Rot on those who cannot resist it.
    a. Seriously though, don't handle the stuff unless you know how or have some serious magical disease resistance. Trying to cure it with magical spells just doesn't work. You need something on the level of a Star Stone, which is a pretty kickass magical artifact, to cleanse the stuff.
    b. That said, use your best judgement when it comes to determining if Outside Context Powers would or would not work against the Rot.
2. You may not buy Novice in one tree and then buy Adept in another Tree. For example: You cannot buy Novice in Wandering Breeze, then skip over and buy Adept for Winter Winds. You would have to buy Novice of Winter Winds, then Adept.
    a. There's nothing stopping you from buying multiple trees in a same Magic school, except the cost.
    b. Thanks Annette!
3. It is impossible for me to fit everything you can possibly make with Crafting into any kind of sensible, readable form. It could very well be its own supplement. So have a link instead. http://www.seth-dehaan.com/divinity_crafting/
    a. Novice Crafting allows you to make anything listed at Rank 0, 1, or 2 Crafting.
    b. Adept Crafting allows you to make anything listed at Rank 3, 4, or 5 Crafting.
    c. These are just examples of what you could make. Feel free to experiment.
4. While strengthening your life force or magical strength will allow you to keep more Death Knights active with less degradation to their abilities, it is an immutable fact that if you create more than one they will no longer be completely indestructible.
5. FUAnon, and only FUAnon, gets 2 Arhu SparkMaster 5000s for the price of one.
6. In case you are unfamiliar with the references here, let me spell it out plainly. The Bottle of Swirling Mud and Fiery Heart can be literally slapped together to create the Sword of Planets, a powerfully enchanted sword that grants the wielder a moderate resistance to all elemental magic and also deals substantial fire damage on those it strikes. The Buffalo Amulet and Old Sabre can be forged together to create the Buffalo Sabre, a legendary sword that grants the bearer the strength of five buffalo. Yeah, it's a little silly sounding, but the strength enchantment is no joke.

Special Note:

Should one desire to replace the canon Source Hunters, taking the Reincarnated, Lone Wolf (Rank 1), and Plot Bound Drawbacks, the Partner Companion Option, along with the Pyramid Teleporter and At The End of Time Items, is the best way to make this happen.